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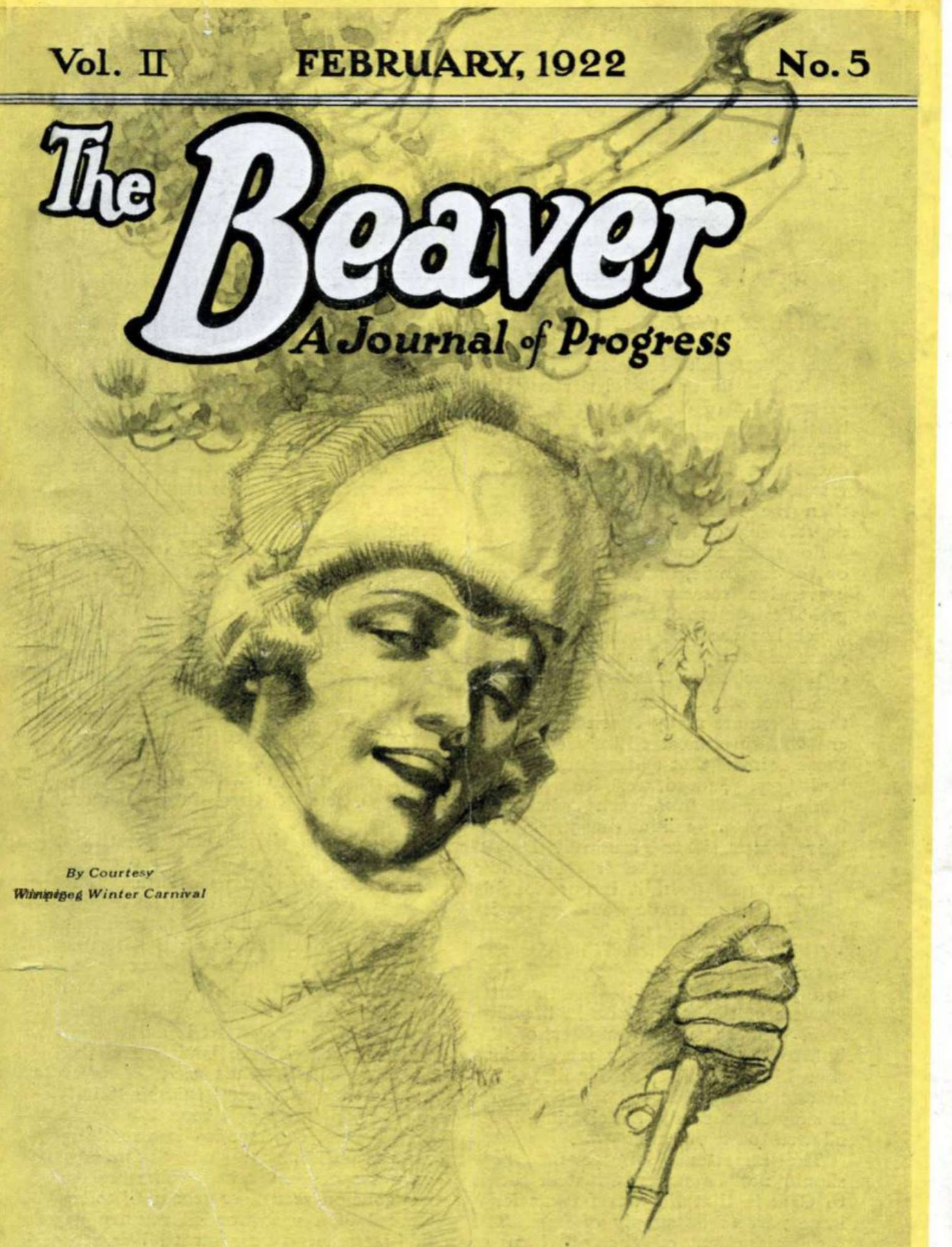
The Beaver

A Journal of Progress



By Courtesy
Winnipeg Winter Carnival

"The CANADIAN GIRL"

Devoted to The Interests of Those Who Serve The Hudson's Bay Company

FOREST FIRES AND FUR

Composium of the Views of Seven Practical Men Who Have Spent Many Years in the North Woods.

Arranged by J. BROWN, Associate Editor.

CONSERVATION of the country's resources is a subject that has been widely discussed. Legislation has been enacted by all provincial governments in the form of closed seasons for fur-bearing animals, with a view to perpetuating the fur trade, but in this connection little has been said of a menace more destructive to animal life than the indiscriminate trapper—the depredations of forest fires.

Forest fires have a disastrous effect on the fur trade, and, unless extensive preventive measures are taken, the great destruction of fur-bearing animals which has occurred in the last several years will result in the rapid reduction of the numbers of these animals.

Fur returns of recent years indicate that there are many districts of northern Ontario almost entirely devoid of those animals that suffer as a result of bush fires. Indeed, were it not for the trade derived from such animals as beaver, otter, mink, musquash and bear, which either practically live in the water or find shelter there while the fires pass over, it is questionable whether the fur trade would be profitable in those districts.

The onus of responsibility for this destructive agency can be laid directly to the advance of civilization, the carelessness of the white man in handling fires. His senseless slaughter of the buffalo does not appear more serious than his utter disregard for life, either human or animal, when a camp fire is left unquenched, or a clearing fire is allowed to get out of control.

The importance of the fur trade should not be underestimated. It is to Canada that the world turns for a large part of its supply of furs. The fur production of the province of Saskatchewan alone during the season 1919-1920 at present valuation amounted to over $2,000,000.

Thousands of Canadians rely on these fur-bearing animals for a livelihood. Both Indians and white men do the trapping and thereby earn their living.

The various provincial governments impose royalties on fur-bearing animals caught and thereby receive a large revenue. Thousands of traders deal in the skins of such animals and thereby add to the wage-earning population of Canada, and finally thousands of furriers are engaged in the tanning, dressing and making up the skins, with the result that a good proportion of the Canadian population is directly dependent for a living on fur-bearing animals.

It is a common complaint of the Indian that bush fires have crossed his "marten," or hunting, grounds with the consequent destruction of all such game as marten, fisher, fox, ermine and lynx. This necessitates a "change of venue" for his activities, or the confining of his attention to the trapping of beaver, otter, etc., thereby reducing the numbers of these animals more rapidly.

In the country's wild state forest fires were rare. When a fire did occur it was caused by electrical storms. The Indian knew too well the effect of fires on his source of livelihood to handle it carelessly. Protection of the forests to him was as natural as the protection of the barn in which his harvest and stock are kept is to the settler of today.

A forest fire may start in a dry place on the river or lake bank. The dry ridge probably extends back to higher ground that offers most suitable "kindling" possibilities and soon the whole high part of that section is a seething mass of flames, leaving only the marshy or wet spots untouched. The process has gone on year after year until today instead of a vast wooded country we find many large areas burned over.

The natural food of the fur-bearer has suffered in consequence and many marten, particularly, have been burned because when fire starts marten do not try to run away from it but climb the trees and remain there until burned.

It has been pointed out that the "water" animals are not often destroyed by forest fires, but the fact should not be overlooked that they nevertheless do suffer to some extent. Beaver, for example, are deprived of their natural food, the inner barks of the birch and poplar trees, and they are forced to migrate, while the others are affected in a greater or less degree.

It is true of course that animals return, after a few years, to the country that has been burnt over, but it takes many years for a section over which a fire has passed again to produce fur in the same quantity and quality. The quality of the fur is greatly impaired where an animal spends much of its time in a country that is lightly timbered. The colour of the fur becomes faded, hence the decline in value.

The northern part of British Columbia has produced perhaps the best class of furs, generally speaking, that are found in any part of North America, the main reason being its wealth of timber and abundance of food. Timber produces the color, while an abundance of food produces healthy fur of a fine glossy texture.

The southern coastal districts of British Columbia do not suffer from the effect of forest fires nearly as much as do the northern and central parts because of a more humid climate. Fires when started are limited in extent and the rapid growth of vegetation quickly corrects the damage done.

Small animals such as ermine, marten, mink and fisher get their food in early winter from underneath the snow where mice and other small rodents abound. About March most of the food which marten have depended on is consumed, making it necessary for them to migrate to pastures new. By this time the snow is hard on top and migration is easy. During this migration or shifting of the feeding-ground the trapper has his harvest, as at this time the animals are hungry and easily attracted by bait into a trap.

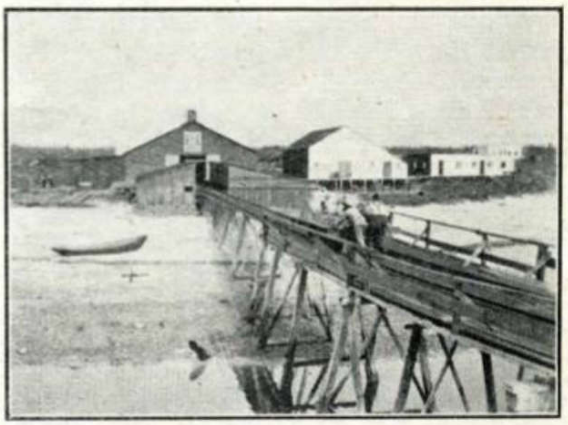
Much good has been done by forestry departments in recent years through educational campaigns for the protection of forests. It would seem that an additional crusade on behalf of the fur trade and the lives of the numerous inhabitants interested in it might appeal more intimately to some men who ignore other warnings, and result in greater individual effort being put forth to guard against far-reaching fires resulting from their neglect.

H.B.C. Outposts of Civilization

Travellers in Northland Found H.B.C. Hospitable

By J. BROWN

THE Hudson's Bay Company as a civilizing agency has formed the text for many a homily. When the whole Canadian Northwest was almost a sealed book to the outside world—isolated as completely as Greenland is now—it was the "Governor and Company of Adventurers trading into Hudson Bay" who kept the spark of civilization alive and built up a reputation for rectitude of dealing which has done more than aught else to smooth Canada's path in the treatment of native races. Honesty was, it may be said, obviously the best policy, and the Company itself has reaped the benefit. But how seldom do commercial bodies holding absolute power in new regions recognize and act upon the maxim as thoroughly as has done that corporation to whom 252 years ago Charles II made over the whole



CHARLTON ISLAND Post of the Hudson's Bay Company where transfer of supplies is made from the large Bay Steamers to smaller craft for Moose Factory and other James' Bay Posts.

region whose waters flow into Hudson Bay.

The functions of the Hudson's Bay Company as a civilizing agency by no means ceased with the cession of jurisdiction to the Dominion government and the advent of the railways. Of this fact a forcible reminder is given by Mr. Warburton Pike in the record of his wanderings in the Northland. He was in search of the musk-ox in the region that lies between Hudson Bay, the eastern ends of the three great lakes of the north, and the Arctic sea—a vast and almost unknown desert modestly called the Barren Grounds. Before one can reach this desolate Arctic land one must leave the railway nearly a thousand miles to the south as the crow flies—probably at least half as far again, as man travels—and those who read of Mr Pike's adventures will need no reminder of the difficulties and perils of the journey. Indeed, the only white men who had succeeded before Mr. Pike in getting far out into the Barren Grounds were early explorers—Hearne, Sir John Franklin, Sir George Back and Dr. Richardson, while long afterwards Dr. Rae and Stewart and Anderson went in search of the missing Franklin expedition.

They took all the precautions that experience and wealth placed within their reach, but we know how much suffering and loss of life from privation are interwoven with the tale of their journeyings.

And yet the Hudson's Bay Company for many generations had this vast region within the scope of its operations. Without its agency the difficulties of access from the outside world would be increased tenfold. No sooner has one left Edmonton on the far northern journey than the services of the Company are found to be well nigh indispensable. From Athabasca Landing it is the Company's steamer—a large, light draught stern-wheeler—that has to be used to pass down the Athabasca river.

What would the far north of Canada be without these steamers—the forerunners of the iron horse? Mr. Pike only voiced the opinion of all travellers in the out-of-the-way regions of Western Canada when he complimented the Company on the efficient manner in which they are managed.

The obstacles to navigation are of no ordinary kind. Reefs of rocks are often to be found lying half hidden in the middle of the stream, and frequent rapids and the consequent necessity for long portages make the service one of much difficulty. The Indian and half-breed crews are not, moreover, easily "broken in," and it is therefore no small task to maintain communication; yet everything is done in a quiet and orderly way, and a very noticeable feature is the total absence of the swearing and profanity so essential to the well-being of a river steamer in other parts of the American continent.

But the most striking feature of Hudson's Bay rule in these remote regions were the posts which served as very oases of civilization in a Sahara of plain and forest. To realize fully all that these posts meant to the extreme northwest of Canada one must do as Mr. Pike did. Travel day after day away from all signs of human life in the midst of desolation; redolent red Indians one's only companions; dependent solely upon the rifle and net for food; one's meals made up of half raw meat snatched from a dirty kettle, and no covering at night but the open heavens—live in this fashion for four months together, then come upon such a post as Fort Resolution at the foot of the Great Slave lake and enjoy its hospitality, and you will never cease to bless the Hudson's Bay Company. Then you will feel what the enjoyment of a warm room is, what it is to have books and all ordinary comforts of life around you, and to know that so long as you stay in the house you have your own place, and the wind and snow have theirs outside. "For true hospitality," said Mr. Pike, "there is nothing in the world to beat the welcome back to a Hudson's Bay post in the north after one has made a long journey in the wilds; no need to trouble your head with the idea that you may not be wanted or that you will eat too much of the ever-insufficient supplies sent in from the outside world to the officer in charge. What wonder, then, that to the traveller in this northern wild these three simple letters "H.B.C." on an old red ensign have a world of meaning and consolation.

And not to the white man only. About a half a century ago, when the country about the 49th parallel was in a state of political turmoil, the disturbance spread to the Indian population, and every vestige of civilization in the shape of a house paid the fiery penalty. Yet not every vestige; one house remained in an immense tract of land, and when asked the cause of its continued existence the Indian simply pointed to the red ensign with its mystic "H.B.C." sign and remarked, "That's the great White Father." When Mr. Pike whiled away his time in the Barren Grounds by chatting to his Indian comrades, he found it difficult to persuade them that the Hudson's Bay Company did not rule over the whole world. Marked as might be the significance of the Great White Mother, she was to the red man as nothing in importance when compared with the governor of the Company. "She may be your queen," said the leader of the band, "as she gives you everything you want, good rifles and plenty of ammunition, and you say that you eat flour at every meal in your own country. If she were my queen, surely she would send me sometimes half a sack of flour, a little tea, or perhaps a little sugar, and then I should say she was indeed my queen. As it is, I would rather believe Mr. Reid, of Fort Providence, who told me once that the earth went round and the sun stood still; but I myself have seen the sun rise in the morning and set at night for many years. It is wrong of you white men who know how to read and write to tell lies to poor men who live by the muzzles of their guns."

And when one remembers the history of the dealings between the Company and the Indians, this reverence is not to be wondered at. The opportunities for sharp practice were endless, and the Indian knew only too well what the "free trading" meant which brought them gaudy clothing and dazzling tinsel in exchange for their rich furs, and left them in the bush, when the snow came, without the necessaries of life.

In dealing with the Company the Indian has always met with fair and even generous dealing.

INDIANS poling canoes up Blacksmith Rapids on the Abitibi River, Ontario (en-route with the Hudson's Bay Company's motion picture expedition of 1919-20 which filmed many beautiful scenes in the north).

Reindeer Industry for Baffin Island

Pioneering in Canada Being Done by the Hudson's Bay Reindeer Company Limited

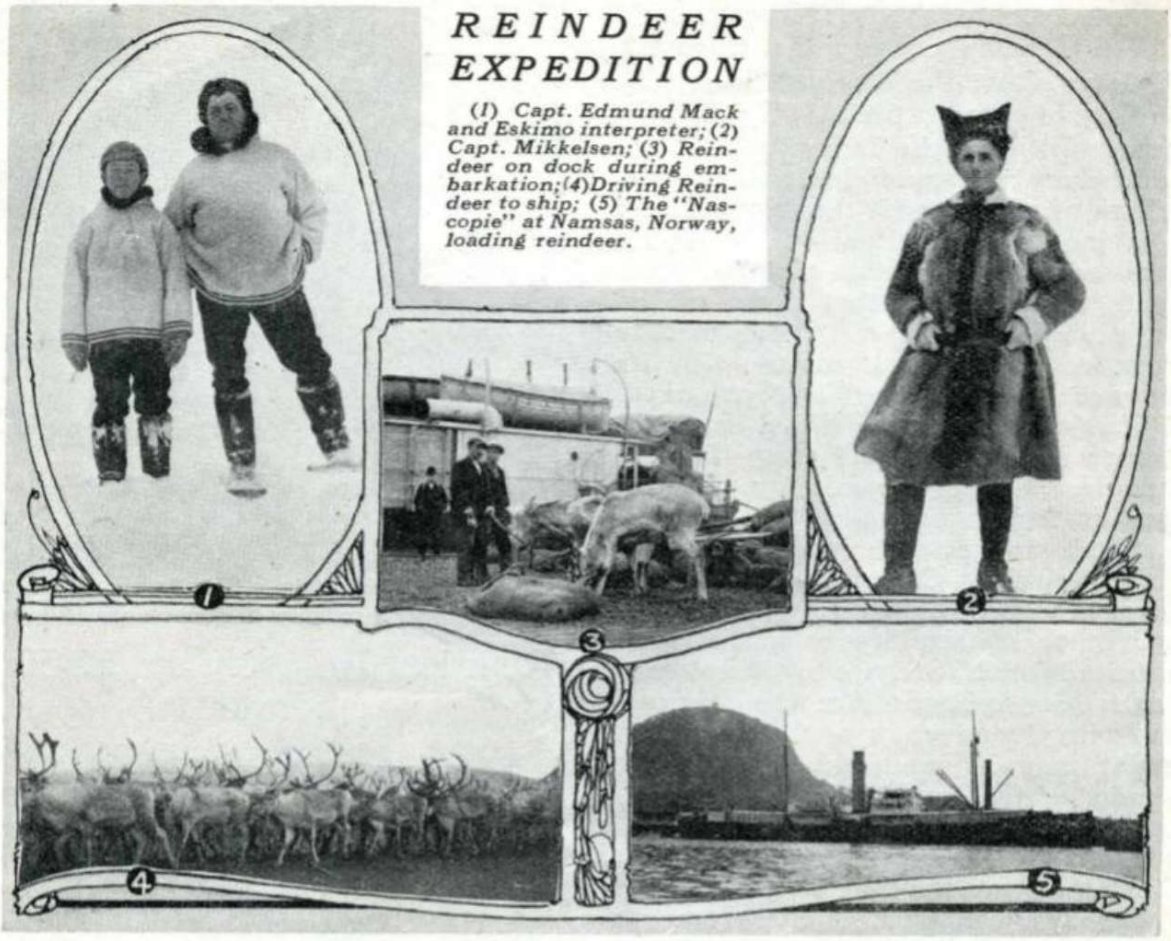
By C. M. THOMAS, Publicity Department

A NEW Canadian industry has been started by the Hudson's Bay Company in the big Arctic island known as Baffin Island, which is north of Hudson Strait, the entrance to Hudson Bay.

Reindeer culture is the industry to which, under the name "The Hudson's Bay Reindeer Company, Limited," the historic trading organization will extend its activities. Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the famous Arctic explorer, is a director of the Reindeer Company, which last year was incorporated under the Dominion of Canada charter as a result of his representations to the Hudson's Bay Company.

The lease of a portion of Baffin Island which the explorer had obtained from the Dominion government was transferred to the new reindeer concern, which purchased in Norway during 1921 a primary herd of selected animals. The initial shipment of reindeer was made in the Autumn of 1921 on the Hudson's Bay Company's well-known steamer the *Nascopie* after her regular voyage to the fur posts in the Bay had been completed. Five hundred and fifty reindeer were landed at Amadjuak Bay, Baffin Island, and Captain Mikkelborg with Chief Herder Ole Johnson and

REINDEER EXPEDITION



(1) Capt. Edmund Mack and Eskimo interpreter; (2) Capt. Mikkelsen; (3) Reindeer on dock during embarkation; (4) Driving Reindeer to ship; (5) The "Nascopie" at Namsas, Norway, loading reindeer.

some families of Laplanders experienced in the herding and care of reindeer, were brought to Baffin Island to take charge.

There has been much speculative discussion concerning the establishment of a reindeer industry in Canada, but aside from this step of the Hudson's Bay Company it is believed that no one has actually had the courage of his convictions to actively engage in the business. The old company is to be congratulated upon taking up this work and helping to make productive some of the vast areas in the Canadian Northland which are at present unproductive, in some cases even of fur.

In order to give the industry a proper start, careful study has been made by the Company, not only of the fund of data gathered by Mr. Stefansson in connection with the Alaska reindeer industry and his Arctic explorations but also from European sources.

If the industry progresses in Canada the Dominion government will receive a nice sum annually for the areas leased in Baffin Island. Under the terms of this lease the rights of the natives are protected and the government may buy reindeer at reasonable prices for distribution to the Eskimos to form their own herds or for other purposes. Employment for many natives should be provided by the new industry.

The company was fortunate in receiving for its initial work the assistance of Mr. F. H. Wood, of the Royal Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, who some years ago assisted Dr. Wilfred Grenfell in securing and establishing reindeer herds in Labrador.

It was reported that the company would operate also in the northern part of Quebec, to the west of Labrador, but a lease with the Quebec provincial government who control that great unpopulated area has not yet been arranged It is thought that the steps being taken by the company in proceeding with the work in Baffin Island will encourage the Quebec government to arrange for some work of the kind to be undertaken in Quebec as it would undoubtedly be a great credit and benefit to the province.

Provisioning and Post-Building on the Labrador

A Tale of the Old "Fox" of Fort Chimo and the Founding of the Company's Post at Port Burwell

By J. S. C. WATT, Rupert's House

DURING the winter of 1915-16 there was every reason to believe that no H.B.C. supply steamer would be sent out during the coming summer. Our stock lacked only a few things but these were essentials—guncaps, gilling twine, tea, cornmeal and a few other articles.

We decided to attempt to repair and make seaworthy the old yawl *Fox* (which had been condemned and hauled up on the bank,) with the intention of utilizing her to bring the small supplies we required either from Fort Burwell or Nain, Labrador, where connections could be made with the Labrador mail steamer.

The *Fox* was a small vessel of 28 tons register, oak-built and yawl-rigged, which had sailed from London thirty-five years before, commanded by an old veteran of the H.B.C. service, Captain Day, with a crew of four men; was used to carry supplies and oil to and from Leaf river when the whale fishery was carried on, and when this was abandoned was engaged in carrying supplies to Whale and Georges rivers and bringing back the salted salmon returns.

The old boat had done good service in her day, battling with the gales, terrific forty-foot tides, rocks and ice of Ungava Bay, and as the saying goes, "owed the Company nothing." Captain Mack, who examined her at my request, while the *Nascopie* was discharging cargo in October, 1915, was of the opinion that repairs could be effected if material might be procured.

Many difficulties lay in the way of making the necessary repairs. We had no supply of lumber, and the country was only sparsely wooded with small stunted trees. We had no spikes. However, the lumber was found somehow; the timbers were principally supplied by an old Indian, *Camoquist*, who carried and hauled them from all over the country within a radius of twenty miles; the planks were supplied by Job Edmonds, Whale River, who allowed us to take part of the frame of a new house he had just got out in 1915 and who contrived to build his house without them. Nails and spikes were made by a Seven Islands Indian, *Germaine*, who had turned up at the post one day.

In December came John Caldwell, manager of Georges River Post, with the information that his Post, built on the slope of a hill, was ready to tumble into the river (which it did two years later).

A council of war was held and it was decided that Georges River Post was not worth repairing. It was established originally as a fishing station. Furs were scarce in the locality and seals were killed at a great distance from the Post (nearer Burwell than Georges River), with the consequence that the natives were dependent on store grub for their means of living. It was further decided that pending instructions from Winnipeg, *which would not reach us for nearly two years*, we would build a temporary Post at Port Burwell and move the stock there.

Mr. Caldwell returned to his Post with instructions to take down and number the sections of one of his best buildings. It was the intention to use this as the trading store, while the house was to be supplied from Chimo, which had one or two empty buildings at the time.

About the middle of April work was begun on the *Fox;* our original plans were to make only temporary repairs, but I found that anything in the nature of temporary work was an impossibility with our carpenter, David Edmonds, for everything he did had to be *thorough*. The result of his work stood the test of rocks and ice in a manner that amply justified this trait of his.

The first job tackled was that of

chipping the cement out of the bottom, and John Livingston did yeoman service at this unattractive job. When the new timbers were placed in position the next difficulty was to get out the heavy mast in order to place the new keelson, for we had nothing to make sheer poles, excepting the flagpole. This pole was erected by H.M.S. Cotter and is probably the finest in the country, so I was unwilling to take it down.

We eventually ran the risk of heaving the mast out in an upright position, slacking away the stays, port and starboard, fore and aft, at the same time according as it rose, and securing it inside the hold with cross pieces.

When we came to the sternpost, which had been considered good, it was found to be nearly rotten, so it was replaced with a new one, after which practically every part was good but the stem. So we put in a new stem by splicing two pieces, and then had a boat fit to go anywhere.

Sometime before this had been purchased a heavy duty engine, 10-12 h.p., with a broken cog wheel. After several attempts to repair this wheel an old crippled Indian succeeded in making a new one, sawing and filing out the teeth to the shape of the old one.

When the new wheel was made and the engine set up in an outhouse it went off at a terrific rate and nearly wrecked the building. After this phenominal success we decided to instal the engine in the *Fox* as an auxilliary. But the propeller proved too small for the heavy sternpost and worked too much in dead water, so a new propellor had to be made. How? None knew. At length our interpreter and general handyman found the solution of the problem in an old seal-fat mincing machine, the hub of which almost fitted the propellor shaft. When the spokes were cut off and blades rivetted on it was quite a fine piece of work and we were very proud of it. It had only one fault—if it could be called a fault. It drove *astern* instead of *ahead* on account of the blades being fastened on at the wrong angle.

The work had been carried on almost incessantly, and our parson, the Rev. S. M. Stewart, used to complain sometimes that his rest was disturbed by the hammers going at 3 o'clock in the morning. At last the great day arrived and the *Fox* was launched and towed round to the wharf by the motor boat *Saint Anne* (called by the natives "*Satan.*")

Loading and rigging proceeded quickly and by July twentieth we were ready to sail. The hold was stowed with the Georges River supplies which came out by the *Nascopie* in 1915. The decks were piled high with the lumber for the Burwell House, and on the top of the hatch, held in place by the lumber, was a big seal-oil tank, which came in handy as a sleeping place for our Eskimo crew. Altogether the boat was very much overloaded and the quarters for the passengers and crew were cramped.

Samuel Voisey, now of Port Burwell, was skipper, and our Fort Chimo cooper, the late George Dickers, was mate. Passengers were: John Livingstone, David Edmonds, with wife and family; Albert Edmonds, Mrs. Voisey and family and two families of Eskimos, altogether a veritable Noah's ark.

James McGibbon remained in charge of Chimo, along with Mr. Caldwell of Georges River, and no doubt envied the fortunates who were setting sail on such a pleasant cruise.

We had difficulty in starting, as we were all green to the boat. The new ropes would kink, and belaying pins were found covered with lumber, but at last a start was made; Mr. McGibbon dipping the flag and the crowd on the wharf waving handkerchiefs and caps.

Job Edmonds got up anchor in the big sailboat *King George* and left the Post at the same time. Just below Whale Head the *King George* passed us, very much to our disgust as we considered the *Fox* flagship of the Fort Chimo fleet. Said David Edmonds: "I wonder if we start the engine, could we pass brother Job?" No sooner said than done. The engine started at the first crank and we were fast gaining, when bang! our new cog wheel flew to pieces, and we were once more a plain sailing yawl.

Livingstone and a helper took the engine apart to find the extent of the damage. The skipper and crew were overhead at the hatch, everyone too interested to observe the fast approach of one of the squalls which are so common on the Koaksoak river. The squall struck us broadside and the vessel went

rail under, the jibboom carrying away short with the stem. All was confusion and we almost drove ashore on McKay's Island.

Right ahead of us lay the *King George* with sails down. Wary old Job had not been caught napping.

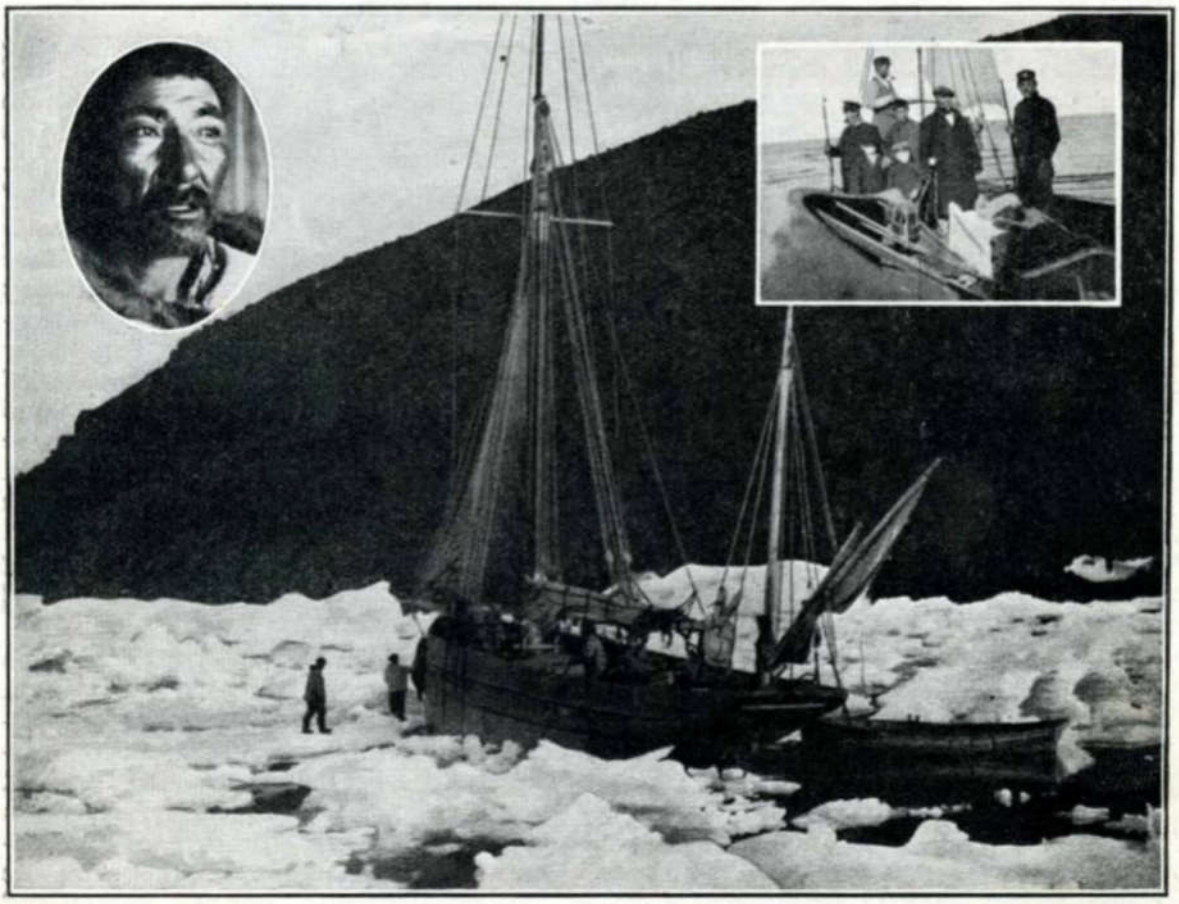
We got control of our ship and about an hour later succeeded in making harbour in Neche's fishing place, where we spent the night and repaired damages. Not a very auspicious start certainly!

We got up anchor at daybreak and started off with a fine fair wind, heading for the open sea. On board was a very good chart of Ungava Bay belonging to the Rev. S. M. Stewart, and it was our intention, instead of coasting as was usual, to head straight for Ablolik, a cape about ninety miles distant, but must have got confused in working out the compass variation and headed too much northwest.

About midday we were out of sight of land. The wind had increased to a gale and in our overloaded state we were making very bad weather of it. We had sighted no ice.

Two boats were in tow, a big trap boat and a dory. About 1 o'clock the dory parted her towrope and sank, and very shortly afterwards the ringbolt pulled out of the trap boat's stem and she went adrift. This was too valuable a boat to lose, so we headed into the wind and beat back to her. As we passed Voisey jumped into the boat with a rope end, but was unable to hold on. We were now in a bad situation, for Voisey was our skipper. However, we made another tack and missed the boat, but we passed close enough for Dickers to jump aboard. The boat was then fastened securely and we got back on our course.

Meanwhile the wind was increasing. We were forced to double-reef the mainsail. About 4 o'clock the wind hauled round to the northwest and forced us to run for Georges River. It was then discovered we had been off our course, for we got



Insets—Camoquist, the Indian Who Found the Timber for the "Fox." Crew of the "Fox" Hunting Seals: S. Voisey, Mark, Little Johnny, Sammy Boy, Steersman, J. Dickers.

into soundings only somewhere off Georges River about 11 o'clock and pitch dark. We tried to run under what we took to be the lee of Beacon Island, but found only one and a half fathoms of water, and had to shake out a reef and beat out again. Having no oil-skins we were all cold and wet and I remember standing beside the steersman holding on to the mizzenstays and my knees knocking together with cold and maybe some fright. Voisey was ahead peering into the darkness, and big Mark keeping the lead going continually. Below in the cabin, the women and children were seasick.

About this time someone managed to get a fire going in the foc'sle, and brought us up a drink of hot painkiller and water which cheered us up wonderfully.

Daybreak found us in Georges River about half way to the post, but the tide turned against us. We were compelled to anchor in a little cove, where all hands enjoyed a good sleep. At 10 o'clock with a fair tide we proceeded up to the Post and arrived about noon.

The Post buildings were found very much as Caldwell had described them. The store was in such a bad state and so twisted that the doors would neither shut nor open. We spent the day here and loaded up ammunition and such small articles as we could find room for.

Next morning we sailed and beat down the river with a head wind. The tide turned about 10 o'clock, so we anchored and set our nets. In about half an hour we had some fine sea trout, which we cooked and devoured on the spot. The same evening when the tide suited we hauled up anchor and continued our journey. The wind was now fair but light and before dark we cleared the mouth of Georges River. The wind continuing fair, we sailed all night, and at daybreak found ourselves in sight of Ablolik and close to the ice, which we could smell during the night.

Altogether this was the best day of the trip. With beautiful sunshine and a light fair wind we sailed along merrily, dodging ice all the time, but with plenty of water to sail in. All hands were on the lookout for seals and David shot one right under our bow, which one of the crew picked up as we passed, making our mouths water in anticipation of another good snack. At night we made fast to a big ice pan and replenished our supply of fresh water.

Next morning it was calm and the ice was very heavy. We could see the high bleak hills beyond Burwell; all forenoon we drifted about lamenting our lame engine. At 2 o'clock we passed Cape William Smith and were actually in Burwell Bay, and had our engine been working would have reached our destination in four or five hours. As it was we were quite at the mercy of the strong tides. About 4 o'clock Voisey informed me we were being sucked into the McLellan Straits or Grenfell Tickle as it is sometimes called. This strait runs right through from Ungava Bay to the Atlantic on the Labrador side and at certain periods the tide attains a speed of about fifteen miles an hour.

In a very short time we crashed into the ice blocked at the entrance of the strait. Here skipper Sam urged all hands to exert themselves and force the vessel further into the ice to lessen the shock of the outside ice which was following us up with increased speed, but do what we could the ice was packed too tight, and all too soon the outside pack hit us with a wallop. Mrs. Voisey and Mrs. Edmonds screamed, "We'll be crushed." Sam yelled, "Never heed, we'll walk ashore."

It certainly looked as if we would be "crushed," and I had a momentary vision of writing a letter to the Commissioner stating the Georges River stock was somewhere at the bottom of Burwell Bay and leaving him to imagine how it got there, but here was where Dave's good work came in. The old boat creaked and groaned and rose about a foot in the ice, but the solid timbers stood the shock and nothing was damaged but the propellor and it had been useless before.

The ice sheered off just as quickly as it came in, and Mr. Livingstone got a ducking before he succeeded in regaining the *Fox's* deck. With the outgoing tide we drifted outside Burwell island, about opposite the Beacon in Munro's harbour. Ice was being rushed about in different directions by the various currents, and we considered ourselves lucky when we were able to make fast to the side of a large berg in

a natural harbour with nothing but our stern exposed.

During the night we drifted towards Gray's Straits and in the morning drift-away from it. Next day it was perfectly calm and we drifted all day, our berg affording good protection from the drifting ice. The Eskimos at Burwell could be heard firing guns and blowing through gunbarrels, but we were helpless. Towards evening we drifted towards the entrance of what we now call Fox Harbour and had a narrow squeak when our exposed stern collided with another berg. During a little puff of wind we cast off and succeeded in getting close enough to Burwell Island to land skipper Voisey and big Mark. How they succeeded in keeping their feet on the sloping slippery rock in the dark I don't know, but they managed to track us into Fox Harbour, with a salmon headline. Once we got inside the rock was too steep and we had to tow with the trap boat. The distance we towed with the boat was not over two miles, but when we dropped anchor that night we were all prepared to swear it was six miles at the very least.

We went to bed a tired crew, but with the feeling that whatever happened next, we had at least arrived.

Next morning was Sunday. The cabin was too crowded for shaving; we shaved ourselves by hanging our mirrors on the mast. It was a cold morning and the soap seemed to freeze on our faces. We were in a fine little harbour, completely landlocked or rather rock-locked, for very little land was visible. We spent the day prospecting for a suitable spot to erect the Post, and the following morning landed our supplies at the most likely spot.

The foundation of the first building was laid before we left for Georges River for the balance of the stock and material for the store.

On looking back I cannot help thinking how fortunate we were. The first trip was, with one exception, the record. Since 1916 the trip from Chimo to Burwell has taken nineteen days on one occasion, and frequently ten days. The old *Fox* made her last voyage for H.B.C. in 1918. Returning to Fort Chimo with a load of provisions, she got on a rock at high tide. When the tide receded leaving the shore dry, she slid off the rock and fell a distance of about ten feet, smashing all the bilge timbers on the port side. The crew made temporary repairs by nailing eight large sealskins on her damaged side, and one fine morning with a fair wind filling her tattered old sails she sailed gallantly up the Chimo River for the last time, to the music of her pumps, thus ending her long career by faithfully delivering her cargo.

Emerging from the "boneyard," like many another, the *Fox* did good service in years of stress. Rest her staves!

Indian Heroines I Have Met

III. Saving Frozen Feet

By C. H. FRENCH

HAVING a journey to make of about three hundred miles, preparations were made by lashing dog feed to the back of my cariole. My own provisions and blankets were packed up and at 3 o'clock the next morning the dogs were harnessed and with the jingling of bells and cracking of whip we were away.

By travelling from 3 a.m. to 9 p.m. five dogs are able to cover about seventy miles, and this on one good meal of fish.

On the evening of the second day out from home I had to go down a deep bay to the bottom, from whence the land trail was taken, and it was my intention to camp for the night at the foot of this bay, where there was an Indian lodge. It had been snowing very heavily, and the ice was weighed down, allowing the water to reach up on top of the ice, perhaps one foot on the snow.

I had broken through the top snow into this water several times until both my feet were wet and I was not able to keep up with the dogs. Therefore I stayed on the toboggan.

The travelling was so bad that the dogs were not able to make nearly their accustomed speed and I soon realized that there was trouble in store for me. My moccasins and socks were frozen up to my knees, but I hoped that by letting them drag on the snow circulation would be kept up and frozen feet would be avoided. However, long be-

fore reaching my camping place I knew that at least one foot was frozen and I was doubtful about the other. At last the camp was reached, and after seeing the dogs well fed and comfortable for the night, I went into the cabin and woke the Indian woman, telling her that I wanted her to thaw my feet out.

She was up immediately. Her first action was to get a large pail of snow, then to pull off my moccasins and stockings. Much to my relief it was found that only the toes and ball of one foot were frozen. She soon had it in the pail of snow and in a very short time was through with the thawing process, dressed my foot and told me to sleep.

Did you ever sleep just after having a frozen foot thawed out? I didn't sleep that night anyway. In the morning there was no sign of my toes at all. They had all disappeared in one large blister and the pain was almost unbearable. The Indian woman dressed them and was able to relieve the pain considerably.

At night time I decided that I would resume my journey on the following morning. The squaw made two large rabbit skin moccasins, so thick and warm that it would be impossible for any damage to be occasioned by the frost. She cut and trimmed a pole about ten feet long so that when sitting in my cariole I could right it every time it upset.

The last of my journey was mostly through an Icelandic settlement where a great deal of hay was hauled with oxen and sleighs. The oxen were hitched in the centre of the sleigh and consequently the track they made was almost level but had walls on each side of it at least three feet high. It would require too much space to tell all my trials and adventures while passing over the final seventy miles of country; suffice it to say that on reaching my destination the only sympathy I got was to be called a dunderhead for leaving home on Friday.

The Indian woman in this case was a heroine to me at least, and while the simple acts of kindness performed might have been done by anyone else, they were done with such care, concern, pleasure and skill that I will always remember her as a heroine.

Long Lake Post News

By S. A. TAYLOR

A CHANGE in the staff at this Post occurred in November, when John Goodwin, of Lac Seul, was replaced by Ben Finlayson.

The appearance of our new store is greatly improved by the addition of a new sign in gold letters on a purple background.

The election polls were held in Matthe's store here, so we all had an opportunity to record our votes. Result: Liberals, 6; Progressives, 2; Conservatives, 3.

The weather continues exceptionally mild for this season of the year, although we have had one or two spells of twenty below zero.

Centenarian Dies at Kamloops

MRS. Mary Ann Macaulay, of Kamloops, 110, the oldest person in British Columbia, and the daughter of an Indian Chief of Dead Man's Creek, passed away January 5th.

Mrs. Macaulay was born at Savona in 1811, four years before the battle of Waterloo. At an early age she married Donald Macaulay, who at 19 entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company and for many years was associated with them in Kamloops as head butter and cheese maker. He died in 1912, aged 92.

Mrs. Macaulay was a woman of strong force of character and retained all her faculties up to the end. She had never learned to read or write, but up to the last year did very fine sewing, which was the pride of her manifold descendants. She came of a long-lived race, but long out-distanced her family as to age, her last remaining relative, a brother, dying 29 years ago, at nearly 100.

During her extraordinarily long life Mrs. Macaulay enjoyed remarkably good health. She died with her teeth as white and firm as when she was 25 years old. Her eyes were of unusual brightness and never seemed to grow old; she never had spectacles.

H.B. SS. "Pelican" Ends Historic Career

Former British Man o' War Which Subsequently Served H.B.C. for Twenty Years in Arctic Seas Now Being Broken Up

By CAPT. EDMUND MACK

—*From Admiralty*

H.M.S. "PELICAN"

The Pelican, a composite screw sloop, was built in H. M. Dockyard, Devonport, and launched in April, 1877.

Whilst in the Royal Navy she had a displacement of 1130 tons and engines of 800 h.p. She carried 6 guns and had a complement of about 140 officers and men.

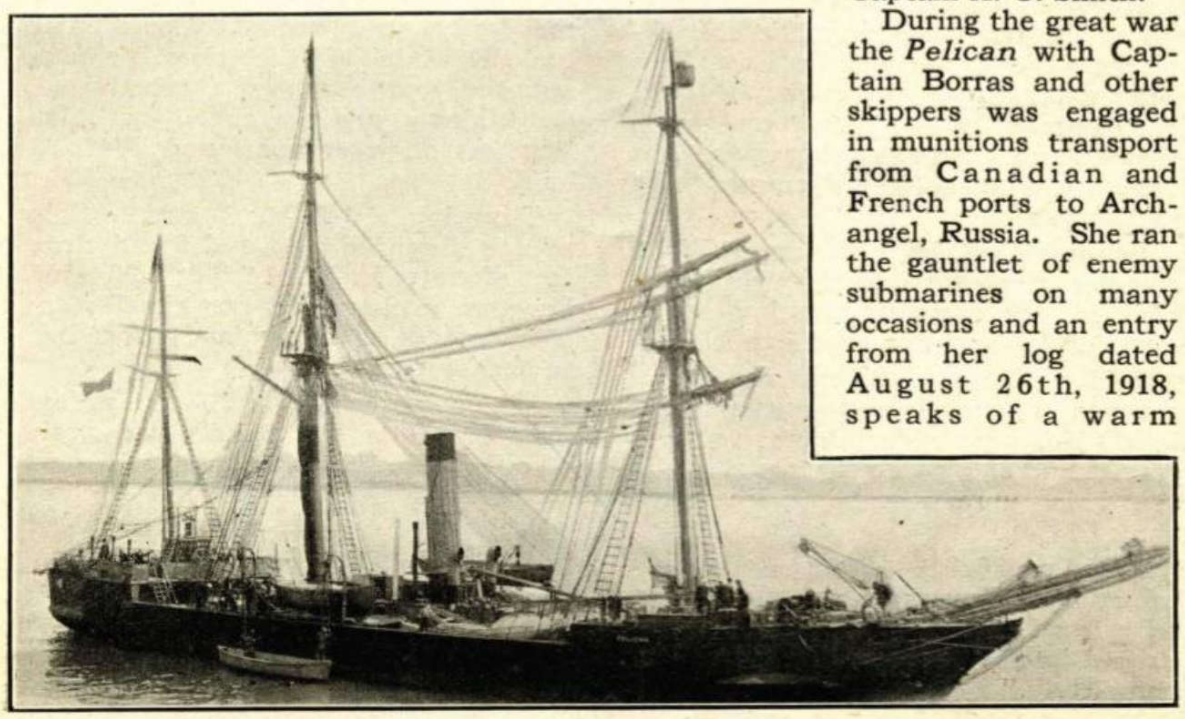
From 1878 to 1881 and from 1884 to 1888 she served on the Pacific station and from 1890 to 1898 she served on the North America and West Indies station. The Ss. Pelican also served in the White and Black Seas expeditions.

THE *Pelican* has been retired! Her career ended, the veteran H.B.C. supply steamer that was once a British man o' war and companion ship to the famous *Condor* is being broken up at St. John's, Newfoundland.

The *Pelican* sailed far northern seas for years. She carried food and trappings in. She bore out precious cargoes of Arctic fur. Countless times the ice-floes tried to crush her. The sturdy teakwood hull beat off lashing waves of many Atlantic storms. For twenty "outfits" this brave sloop challenged the hazards of navigation to the "Bay" but, skippered by H.B.C. captains, she met no greater disaster than the occasional loss of a propellor and minor breakages from heavy ice. Her bones were not fated to lie shattered on the coast of Labrador and she came steaming home after a last voyage in 1920 to be stripped and dismantled and sold for salvage. An inglorious ending for such a ship even if it were an "honourable discharge"!

The *Pelican* was purchased by the Company in 1900. Until 1909 she was commanded by Captain Alexander Gray, a noted skipper of the H.B.C. transport service, with the exception of one year which Captain Gray spent on the *Discovery*. From 1909 to 1914 the *Pelican* was under the able hand of Captain A. C. Smith.

During the great war the *Pelican* with Captain Borras and other skippers was engaged in munitions transport from Canadian and French ports to Archangel, Russia. She ran the gauntlet of enemy submarines on many occasions and an entry from her log dated August 26th, 1918, speaks of a warm



engagement with one of the subsea craft:

"When about 120 miles off the coast of Ireland, 2 p.m., sighted a submarine and opened fire. Continued firing until 3.30 when the submarine fell astern, apparently damaged by our firing. Vessel steaming at utmost speed and all hands here standing by and on the look-out. No damage done to ship though the shots fell very close alongside and burst overhead."

Relating to the same engagement, extracts from a letter to the Company from Captain Borras relate:

"On Monday afternoon, August 26th, we engaged and defeated a large German submarine mounting two guns. Vessel was in action for one and a-half hours, and, although shells were bursting all around and pieces of shell picked up on deck, she sustained no damage. I should like to draw your attention to the excellent conduct of Gunners Hill and Zahn, whose steady fire eventually drove submarine off, and should be pleased if you would authorize me to reward them. Hill, who was injured in the right leg, refused to leave the gun until submarine disappeared."

Many features of interest are contained in the log of the *Pelican*'s last voyage for H.B.C. At 1.30 p.m. on Friday, July 9th, 1920, *Pelican* left Montreal for Port Burwell and ports in Hudson Bay and Straits, and on Friday, 16th July, when proceeding along the coast of Labrador she encountered the first of the ice. This increased in quantity as Port Burwell was approached and on several occasions the pack ice was so heavy that the vessel was completely jammed and unable to move.

Sunday, 18/7/20, 2.30 p.m.—"When steamer was working through heavy pack ice the propeller struck a heavy piece of ice and damaged one blade."

Friday, 23/7/20—"Dense fog; vessel stopped in ice; 3.7 p.m., growler struck vessel in port side, damaging four frames and ship's side slightly stove in, ship being unmanageable in ice at the time."

Monday, 26/7/20, 7 a.m.—"Anchored at Port Burwell; harbour packed with loose ice; 11 p.m., heavy pack ice drifted into harbour and blocked it up completely."

Tuesday, 27/7/20—"Harbour packed with ice as above until Sunday, August 1st, when the ice commenced to drift out, and at 10.30 a.m. steamer weighed anchor and left for Lake Harbour, working her way through heavy pack ice and occasional loose ice until Wednesday, August 4th, when heavy pack ice was again encountered, and at 8 a.m. vessel made fast to ice pan. Several large icebergs drifting down on vessel. Slipped moorings—full ahead on engines. Struck large ice pan and lost both blades of propeller. Vessel not under control. Set all sails, endeavouring to work vessel clear of drifting icebergs. At 11 a.m. the steering gear carried away and vessel was jammed in heavy ice.

Thursday, 5/8/20, 11. a.m.—"Esquimo pilot walked out over ice and boarded vessel. Working vessel towards Beacon Island with steam and sail."

Friday, 6/8/20—"All hands out on ice moving ice pans and making way for vessel to proceed through, assisted by several Esquimos and motor boats *Namauk* and *Daryl* from Lake Harbour Post, and at 1.30 p.m. vessel anchored at Lake Harbour."

While at Lake Harbour the vessel was tipped by removing cargo from No. 2 hold to No. 1 hold and on Tuesday, August 10th, was towed stern-on to the beach. As the tide receded it was found that the pintles of the rudder and the lower strap were broken. The broken blade of the propeller was removed and a new one substituted. On taking soundings on August 11th four feet of water was found in No. 1 hold.

Thursday, 12/8/20, 3 a.m.—"Ship afloat. Sounded ship and found three feet of water in No. 1 hold; 3.30 a.m., hove up anchors and cast up all stern and quarter moorings and proceeded to anchorage."

The cargo which had been shifted from No. 2 to No. 1 hold was again placed in No. 2 hold and at 3.15 p.m. on Monday, August 16th, the anchors were hove up and vessel proceeded, but in working her way through drift ice at 5.44 p.m. she struck a piece of ice and broke off a propeller blade.

As the ice was found to be too heavy to proceed, vessel returned to Lake

Harbour, where she anchored at 8 a. m. the following day (Aug. 17th).

Immediately on arrival the ship's carpenter commenced to make a wooden blade to fit on the propeller. This was fitted in place and vessel left Lake Harbour for Stupert's Bay at 7.25 a.m., Monday, August 23rd, 1920, where she arrived at 9.45 the following morning. Left Stupert's Bay 11 a.m., August 25th, and arrived at Wolstenholme at 1 p. m. on Saturday, August 28th, where the balance of the cargo for the Hudson Bay ports was discharged.

Wednesday, 1/9/20, 5 a.m.—"Hove up anchor and proceeded to Lake Harbour."

Friday, 3/9/20, 8.30 a.m.—"Arrived at Lake Harbour and commenced loading cargo and removing damaged cargo from No. 1 hold."

Sunday, 5/9/20, 4.45 a.m.—"Hove up anchor and proceeded towards Fort Chimo, when, after a fine weather passage during which occasional icebergs were sighted, steamer arrived off the mouth of Koaksoak river and anchored at noon on September 7th. As no Eskimo pilot attended in order to take steamer up the river to Fort Chimo, the chief officer left the ship in the motor launch at 7 a.m. on September 9th and returned at 8 a.m. on the following day with a pilot on board. At 3.45 p.m., September 9th, vessel got under way and proceeded up the river towards Fort Chimo, where she arrived 7.30 p.m. the same evening. The work of loading and discharging cargo was carried on until 11.30 a.m., Wednesday, 15th September, and steamer sailed at noon for Port Burwell, where arrived at 4 p. m. on September 17th and after discharging some cargo and taking bunker coal on board she sailed for St. Johns, N.F., at 2 p.m. on Tuesday, September 21st, 1920, at which port arrived on Tuesday, September 28th, 1920."

On being examined it was found that the vessel was so seriously damaged that the cost of repairing and reconditioning her would exceed her value, so it was decided to break her up and replace her by the Ss. *Baychimo*.

Relics from the *Pelican* are being reserved for the H.B.C. museum at Winnipeg and from pieces of her teakwood and brass massive inkwells are being made for officials of the Company.

H.B.C. Museum

IN *The Beaver* of May, 1921, reference was made to the intention of the Company to establish a museum in Winnipeg, and a beginning has been made by allotting a room about 30 feet by 18 feet on the ground floor of the H.B.C. department store at Winnipeg. A temporary committee has been appointed to take charge of the commencement of the work of selecting articles from the Company's collection of historical relics and of displaying them, and to advise generally regarding museum affairs.

The committee consists of W. H. Davison, stores department; J. Henry, fur trade department; W. S. Lecky, executive department; H. J. Macdougall, land department; W. R. Ogston, stores department; T. F. Reith, stores department; C. M. Thomas, publicity agent.

Mr. E. F. Hardiman, who has for many years been with the receiving branch of the Winnipeg retail store, has been appointed custodian.

The present museum is of a temporary character and largely experimental, the chief desire in making a small start being to determine on what lines a museum should be planned at a later date. Suggestions and offers of exhibits will therefore be welcome.

The divisions proposed are (1) Early History, (2) Animals (or Furs), (3) Indians, (4) Life in the Service, (5) Forts, Posts, Stores, (6) Fights and Wars. (7) Land and Settlement.

Interesting relics directly connected with the Company's early history and with the everyday life of "Officers and Servants" in the fur trade are especially wanted.

For two weeks in December the services of Mr. Harlan I. Smith were loaned to the Company by the Victoria Memorial Museum of Ottawa to examine and classify the Company's collections. Mr. Smith has had twenty-five years' experience in the museum field in the United States and Canada and information and advice given by him on museum arrangements and display were of great assistance to the committee in its work.

It is planned to open the museum in the Spring.

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The Day of Conferences

THE disarmament conference at Washington, now ready to close, has not produced results to match the idealist's dream, but a start toward co-operation between nations has undoubtedly been made.

A peace pact has been arranged between the British Empire and the United States, Japan and France; disarmament will have a trial; understandings have been arrived at on such vexatious questions as the "open door" in China, influence of the powers in the Pacific and Japan's position with regard to Russian territory.

This experiment in solving international difficulties by conversation instead of conflict looks so hopeful to world statesmen that another conference of experts and leaders is gathering on the sunlit Riviera to thresh out economic salvation for the war-torn states of Europe. The bankers and other comptrollers of world credits may yet bring Russia and the central states back into trading relationship with the outer world by compromise and agreement.

Whatever may ensue, it seems assured that the day of conferences—frank and free discussion of problems between nations—has come.

West Indies Trade

CANADA and the United States are engaged in keen trade rivalry in the West Indies. There is a Canadian preferential tariff agreement with the islands which does not seem to have been taken full advantage of judging by the trade returns.

In 1920 Jamaica imported fifty million dollars worth from the States, thirty millions from the United Kingdom and only five millions from Canada.

It is being urged that the trade between Canada and the West Indies, the tropical part of the British Empire in America, should be facilitated by means of further extensions of preferential agreements.

The suggested reorganization of the crown colonies of Great Britain may bring developments in this regard as it is understood to include a survey of the trade possibilities between Canada, the West Indies and other parts of the empire. It would be well if a feeling of closer kinship in a commercial way could be inculcated between Canada and her cousins of the palms and sugar cane in the West Indies.

Sensible Girls

YEARLY we see signs of more sensible garments for out-of-doors being worn by young women in Western Canada.

Two extremes are being abandoned—that of swathing one's self in many layers of heavy clothes topped by a coon coat and that of going about in silk hose, low cut blouse and "stylish" short skirts or light coat.

Neither is suited to true enjoyment and healthful outdoor activity in this "snappy" winter climate.

A girl in the H.B.C. employ who delights in snowshoeing was right when she said to her sister club members: "Don't stick in the house and dry up your lungs. Get out in this zippy weather and feel really *alive*. Put on light, wooly things that will keep you warm but not weigh you down. Wear nothing that will not allow the utmost freedom of action, because action is circulation. Riding breeches are the thing for the toboggan, skating and snowshoeing."

Frank Reeve

WITH sorrow we record in another column the untimely death of Frank Reeve, associate editor of this magazine for Calgary, who ever displayed a fine enthusiasm and sympathy for *The Beaver* and was unstinting in his efforts on behalf of it from the beginning of publication until a few days before his passing.

Frank Reeve was a faithful friend, a successful soldier, a keen sportsman and good citizen. The H.B.C. service undergoes a distinct loss in the death of one of its most loyal and devoted young men just entering his prime.

The Store That Smiles

IN a court room at Toronto a boy in the witness stand was telling the story of the day he climbed an apple tree to shake down apples. He came into contact with a live electric wire and his face was burned, leaving an ugly scar and forever destroying his boyish smile. He was the chief witness in a suit for damages brought against the company that owned the wires. His lawyers asked him to smile. The result was a mere puckering of the lines in the face. The doctor testified that the smile muscle was destroyed. The jury returned a verdict of $20,000, the value of Jimmie Godfrey's smile. The papers say that *$20,000 thus becomes the officially fixed value of a smile.*

The award was small enough. Jimmy was thirteen years old. Insurance companies would estimate that he would live to be about fifty, at least. That would be only a little over $500 a year. Less than $50 a month for the worth of a smile. Slight compensation for smileless years.

The smile of many a clerk earns for her store in a single day three times as much as the court gave Jimmy for a month. And, sad to relate, many another through the lack of a smile loses the store as much. Fortunate indeed is the store which smiles. Its service is cheerfully given—with a smile. Lagniappe, they call in New Orleans—anything given above the value of the transaction. But what lagniappe it is—a smile!

The Horse Passes

DELIVERY service of the Company at Winnipeg has recently been motorized. The old stables where once a large number of fine horses were quartered has become a garage.

There was a sentiment attached to the smart horseflesh that for so many years was seen on the streets of the city drawing the green wagons with H.B.C. goods.

The drivers were proud of these horses which oftentimes came to know the routes almost as well as themselves. We know of at least one general manager now at a large H.B.C. store who constantly interested himself in the health and condition of a particularly fine H.B.C. horse called "Tom."

The new electrics and motors may deliver goods for some cents less per parcel and they may be ever so waxed and shined, with engines that purr sweetly, but we'll wager that no man or manager can be as proud of one of these mechanical "jobs" as of some of the splendid animals which have been retired from the service.

Unloading from the "Lady Kindersley" at Tree River Post, Western Arctic district. An Eskimo in his Kayak is seen approaching the ship.

H.B.C. motion picture expedition leaving Moose Factory for the Abitibi.

F.T.C.O. Notes

T. P. O'KELLY, who accompanied the *Lady Kindersley* on her maiden voyage to the Western Arctic last summer, came to Winnipeg from Vancouver early in January to confer with the Fur Trade Commissioner.

Captain Edmund Mack, superindent of Bay Transport for the Hudson's Bay Company, was in Winnipeg the last week in January to confer with the Fur Trade Commissioner. He left for Ottawa February 1st on Company's business.

Ralph Parsons, manager of the Labrador and Straits fur trade districts for the Hudson's Bay Company, arrived in Winnipeg February 1st to consult with the Fur Trade Commissioner on matters pertaining to his districts.

The Commissioner's office has supplied five curling "sharpshooters" to land department rinks this season. They are Messrs. Brabant, Conn, Woolison, Henry and Gordon—and each wields a "wicked" rock.

H.B.C. Pensioner Loses Long Service Medal

SHORTLY after receiving his Gold Medal last July, George Linklater, an H.B.C. pensioner, lost his badge of honour in the Albany river.

There was a heavy sea running and in leaving the dock, the Schooner *Inenew* threatened to knock down the wharf supports. Perceiving this, Linklater sprang forward to fend off the boat, and, in struggling with the vessel, his medal became detached and fell into the water. The day was Sunday, and the old fellow was wearing his decoration in honor of the visit to the Post of district manager Geo. R. Ray.

Application has been made to London on behalf of Mr. Linklater for the replacement of the medal which was his most prized possession.

VANCOUVER

Annual Staff Banquet

WITH an attendance of nearly 700 members of its staff, the annual staff supper and general meeting of the Employees' Association of the Hudson's Bay Company was held December 29th in the Company's dining-room.

Following the adoption of several reports dealing with the activities of the association during the past year, the guests participated in a whist drive and dancing on the sixth floor.

One of the outstanding features of the occasion was the presence, as honored guests, of several officials and former employees of the famous Company who rendered faithful service in the years gone by. There was Mr. Thomas C. Rae, retired after thirty-seven years' association with the fur department. A native of Scotland, he was first stationed at Moose Factory, then headquarters of the southern department, which embraced a district drained by the Moose, Rupert and Albany rivers. For twenty years he was in charge at Fort Matawamingue, fur centre for the Kinogumissee district; later, with the advent of the C.P.R., being transferred to Biscopassing. He succeeded Captain Julius Camsell as chief factor of the Mackenzie River district.

Another distinguished servant of the Governor and Company of Adventurers Trading into Hudson's Bay was Mr. A. R. Mackenzie, who on the day of the banquet celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday. For thirty-six years he was a fur-trade factor.

Included in the old-timers present were Mr. James Scott, stationed in Winnipeg from 1882 to 1896; Mr. Frank Powell, in charge of Fort Langley in the early 90s, and Mrs. Green, who enjoys the distinction of being the first of the gentler sex to join the Company's store in Vancouver. That was in 1887.

Mr. Lockyer, addressing the assembly said, in part:

"The past year has brought many changes in connection with the Company's business in Vancouver, and incidentally the personnel of our association.

"Due to failing health, our honorary president, Mr. H. E. Burbridge, found it necessary to retire from the position of stores commissioner at the end of April last, and the stores administration office, which has been in Vancouver for a number of years past, was transferred to Winnipeg at the beginning of May. You will, I am sure, join with me in extending to our honorary president sincere wishes for speedy recovery of his health.

"Then, again, we have lost the valued services of our vice-president, Mr. Gilbert A. H. Porte, who was transferred to Victoria as general manager of the branch there at the end of July. It is a great source of regret to me that he cannot be present with us this evening; unfortunately, however, before our invitation reached him the staff at Victoria had arranged to hold their supper and dance this evening, so that both branches on the Coast were apparently actuated by the same thought.

"We have also been unfortunate enough to lose our active secretary, "Tommy" Wilkinson, due to his transfer to the Victoria branch as foreman of the delivery department there. Every member of the association owes a debt to "Tommy" for his zealous interest in our work at all times, and I am sure you will join with me in extending to him best wishes in his new sphere of operations.

"Due also to the Company's policy of promotion within the service, our worthy treasurer, Mr. J. S. Horne, was promoted to the position of accountant at Victoria, necessitating the appointment of a new treasurer, and, fortunately, we have in Mr. Anderson a man who is in every way fully competent to fill this important position.

"Due to the many changes which have occurred in the personnel of our staff during the past year, our membership only shows 473, as compared with 601 on the roll a year ago. When it is remembered that up to a day or two ago we had about 850 men and women on our payroll, and when the benefits to be derived by membership and co-operation in an association of this kind are considered, it requires, I am sure, only an active effort on the part of the incoming committee not only to bring the number back to where it was a year ago, but to materially increase it.

"The year just closing marks an important milestone in my own business career, having been permitted on June 1 last to complete my twenty-five years as general manager of this branch of the Company's business. You were all very kind to me on the occasion of my "silver anniversary," and the beautiful diamond pin and illuminated address presented to me will ever remain my most cherished possessions. I can only hope that it will be my good fortune to complete my tenure of service with you and the business which I have seen grow to its present stage."

A Sentimental Shopper

AS I entered a millinery store on a certain Vancouver street a young lady approached me and asked sweetly, "What is it, dear?" Now, young ladies in stores, restaurants and other business houses have used terms of endearment so often in addressing me that I have resolved to retaliate. I replied firmly, "Darling, I wish to look at some untrimmed hats."

Calmly she led the way to shelves laden with unincumbered headwear and said, "Here are some nice little shapes, honey." I courageously replied, "Sweetheart, I like the shapes, but I do not see the color I want." Without batting an eye she came back, "Girlie, I can give you these shapes in any color." Dismayed, but determined, I returned to the charge with, "Precious, I believe I won't decide today, but will come in later." And before she could think of any more affectionate expressions I fled; but reaching the street safely I felt some regret, for I had forgotten to use "pettie" or "lovey."—*Jessie Connor.*

KAMLOOPS

A Good Time

KAMLOOPS staff put on the first of a series of dances and entertainments January 13th at the Odd Fellows' hall.

There were several well known artists taking part in the programme and encores were the order of the night. In Miss Chadwick, one of the staff, the audience discovered a young singer of considerable promise. Mrs. Querns and Miss Dey were heard in songs which were admirably suited to their contrasting voices and together they made quite a big appeal with "Annie Laurie" as a duet. "Jock" Callendar alone insures the success of a programme by his inimitable ditties, and "Dad" Allen always makes his own particular hit. Miss Larsen played Dvorak's "Humoresque" with nice feeling and precision.

The staff extend their sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Milne in the loss of their baby boy.

Miss M. A. Hartnett, of the ladies' ready-to-wear department, spent the holidays visiting friends at the coast cities.

Miss Mary Sargent returned to work after a few days' illness. Mary says she found out that putting the stocking of your left foot around your throat when it is sore is a positive cure.

W. H. Madill, of the shoe department, had a "ripping" time while passing through the house furnishings department. (Ask our tailor).

Miss Dougans, of the dry goods department, says there is nothing like picking out a soft spot when you slip and fall at a dance.

A good salesman—On January 13th, 1922, Harry Campbell, of the grocery department, sold to Leslie, of the men's department, a raffle ticket on a calf for 25 cents. This calf was raffled for and won on June 15th, 1921. Leslie is still waiting for the calf to be raffled.

Messrs. MacNab and Wilson, of the office staff and tobacco department, spent the holidays at Victoria and Vancouver.

CALGARY

The Store Mourns Frank Reeve

FRANK R. REEVE, advertising manager of the store, passed away at his home in Calgary Monday evening, January 16th, after a week's illness. He was thirty-five years of age. His death resulted from complications arising from an attack of appendicitis.

Mr. Reeve joined the service in 1914 at Calgary and was one of the Company's brightest publicity men. In 1920 when prizes were offered for the best suggestions from the staffs of all H.B.C. branches he had the distinction of winning the $1000 principal award. Mr. Reeve was intimately associated with the life of the store and was admired by the staff for his great sincerity and his enthusiastic participation in the work of the H.B.C. social and welfare organizations.

Frank Reeve

In 1915 Mr. Reeve joined the 89th battalion, was commissioned as lieutenant and was later promoted to the rank of junior captain under Captain Robert Pearson, who was in charge of one of the companies which were stationed at Red Deer. When the 187th battalion was organized by Lieut.-Col. C. W. Robinson, Mr. Reeve was transferred to that unit and was promoted to the post of adjutant.

While at Red Deer with the unit he contracted typhoid fever and was away from the battalion for three and one-half months, but recovered in time to proceed overseas with his unit in November, 1916.

After the battalion was disbanded in England Mr. Reeve was transferred to a forestry battalion in France, with which unit he served until the signing of the armistice.

Col. James Walker, who was in command of the 131st Forestry corps in France, with which unit Mr. Reeve was attached for about a year as adjutant and quartermaster, said: "Captain Reeve was one of the most enthusiastic officers you could imagine. Although he knew practically nothing about forestry work when he joined the unit in France, he went after it and learned it. He made it his business to master the work, and he did. He was the very best type of man, clever, reliable, and one whom you could depend on at all times."

Mr. Reeve prior to the war was a member of the advertising staff of the Pryce-Jones department store, and was later promoted to the post of advertising manager.

Before coming to Canada Mr. Reeve served for three years in the Royal Naval Officers' Reserve in England. Upon coming to Canada about eighteen years ago he joined the Fifth Royal Highlanders of Montreal, being a member of that unit for five years. In Calgary he was an energetic member of the old 103rd regiment. He served with that unit for five years, resigning with the rank of color-sergeant, but rejoined the unit six months later, immediately war broke out, as a lieutenant. When Lieut.-Col. Naismith organized the 89th battalion in 1915 he joined that unit.

The funeral was held on Wednesday, January 18th, and interment was made in the Union cemetery, Calgary.

Stray Shots

READING over the Vancouver contributions from the pen of the associate editor at that branch, with particular reference to the third paragraph of the write-up, "*H.B.C. Toytown Was True Santaland,*" we would only say "Tut! tut! Don't be jealous!"

Greetings

IT is somewhat late after the arrival of Mr. Higgins from Winnipeg to take up duties in the Calgary store as buyer of drapes and carpets to bid him welcome to our midst. We can assure him, however, that the greeting is none the less sincere.

Our excuse is that Mr. Higgins arrived in Calgary and stayed but a very short time before his departure for the east. We look upon him already as "one of the boys," and there is very little we can say about him from a stranger's standpoint. We are sure however, of an anchor man for the married men's tug-of-war at the next athletic field day sports.

Phenomenal Christmas Business

IN the last issue of *The Beaver* mention was made of various arrangements concerning the staff, such as special Christmas shopping, annual banquet and other events. These arrangements were made for the purpose of creating the Christmas spirit. In view of the phenomenal business which was enjoyed by this store between the dates of 14th and 25th December it is assumed that the Christmas spirit undoubtedly permeated the entire staff.

Christmas week was one of the busiest weeks this store has known since its opening, and it is stated that 3000 more customers were served during this week than any other Christmas period. Further statistics show that but one complaint from every 3000 customers resulted from Christmas purchases.

The enthusiastic co-operation with which the staff entered upon Christmas duties was most noticeable and second only in importance to the confidence shown in Hudson's Bay merchandise by the public who crowded in to purchase it.

It is taken as a decided indication that the new policy pricing at this point has met with universal favor with the public and they signified their approval by purchasing merchandise in quantities that taxed our delivery service to the utmost.

We are going to do better next Christmas!

No Names Mentioned!

ABOUT the middle of last year an old-time Calgary employee was transferred to the new Victoria store as buyer for certain departments which shall be nameless. Notwithstanding the undoubted attraction of the beauty of Calgary girls, he managed to leave town with no entanglements of a serious nature.

Three months later rumors reached Calgary that the said department manager had dived head-first into the matrimonial sea at Victoria, and had become engaged, so it was said, to a Victoria young lady. Shortly after this rumor was floated this gentleman made a visit to Calgary, but gave no information concerning this rumor, which was accordingly disbelieved.

Two or three months ago a young lady who had been in the Victoria store was transferred to Calgary and entered upon new duties here. Quite recently the associate editor discovered that the rumor concerning the department manager was correct and that the young lady transferred from Victoria to this store was most intimately connected with it. It further develops that in February the Calgary store is to lose the services of the young lady in question, who it is stated returns to Victoria with a different name from that with which she left.

Can anyone supply the name of the department manager?

Hitting the Markets on "High"

ON Monday night, December 12th, there dropped off the train at Calgary two weary travellers. The sympathetic attendants who assisted in carrying them off the platform discovered that the smaller of the two gentlemen was J. S. Smith, merchandise manager of the Hudson's Bay Company, while the long, thin gentleman in state of utter collapse was J. Mulholland, noted buyer for silks, dress fabrics and staple sections.

The Beaver correspondent, who was notified of their arrival, duly interviewed these gentlemen to find out the cause and reason for such complete exhaustion and found that Mr. Smith had just completed a non-stop, record-breaking trip through the markets, leaving Calgary and returning in fifteen days, after visiting Toronto, Montreal and Winnipeg in search of merchandise for the January sales. The associate editor discovered that the management had selected Mr. Mulholland to accompany Mr. Smith in the belief that Mr. Mulholland's well-known powers of endurance would permit him to assist Mr. Smith when the latter became worn out. From all accounts it was the reverse.

The following was their itinerary:

Arrived	Winnipeg	November 28th.
Arrived	Toronto	November 30th.
Arrived	Montreal	December 5th.
Left	Montreal	December 8th.
Left	Toronto	December 9th.
Arrived	Calgary	December 12th

Mr. Mulholland was very reticent concerning his experiences, but did not appear over-enthusiastic at the idea of accompanying Mr. Smith on a second trip at any time.

Well-Earned Bouquets

READING through the first issue of *The Beaver* in the New Year we were decidedly of the opinion that it was an opportune time for the handing out of a few bouquets.

In the first place the Calgary store considers that since October, 1920, up to the present month the magazine has shown a steady upward trend and is today one of the most interesting company periodicals produced.

Not only has *The Beaver* brought together through its pages far-flung posts of the Company's family but it has brought to many an education in the scope and activities of the Company as a whole, and is valuable from this standpoint alone. The magazine measures up in every respect to its name, *The Beaver*—a Journal of Progress.

We wish also to express our appreciation of the calendar for 1922. We do not know who designed it or who was responsible for the idea it expresses, but we feel it is undoubtedly the finest H.B.C. calendar ever circulated, and its reproduction as the cover of the January *Beaver* was a happy thought.

It is "*Hudson's Bay*"—we can say nothing better about it than that!

Montreal

THE following H.B.C. buyers visited Montreal and other Eastern points during January in the interests of their respective departments:

Miss Grimason	*Victoria*
Mr. Stewart	*Victoria*
Mr. W. R. Boyle	*Vancouver*
Mr. S. D. Wilson	*Vancouver*
Mrs. F. Clarke	*Calgary*
Mr. N. H. Parker	*Calgary*
Mr. Secord	*Edmonton*
Mr. Johnson	*Edmonton*
Miss M. E. Woodhead	*Winnipeg*
Mr. A. C. Dunbar	*Winnipeg*

LETHBRIDGE Store News

Staff Banquet

ONE of the most successful events put on by the employees for a long time was a banquet and dance which was held in Harper's Hall on Wednesday, January 11th, 1922. Everyone will tell you we had the time of our lives. Four large tables were spread with good things and the guests sat down and immediately proceeded to arrange fancy paper hats on their heads, which seemed to break the ice, and we were all "rarin' to go."

After supper the programme opened with a few remarks from Mr. W. L. Ogden, occupying the position of toastmaster, who then proceeded to announce the various toasts.

The musical numbers consisted of a vocal solo by Mr. J. E. Thompson; a piano solo by Miss M. Gilford and an accordion solo by Mr. Mundy. The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing until an early hour.

Miss Askew entertained at a miscellaneous shower in honor of Miss Garrison of the office staff, who is leaving shortly to be married. Miss Garrison has been a faithful employee and has been active in the social affairs of the store. She will be greatly missed by everyone, and we all join in wishing her a happy and prosperous wedded life.

Mrs. Tullock, who has been with us for the past two years in the fancy goods section, has left us owing to her many duties at home, and we regret losing her.

Mr. Scott wishes there had never been such a thing as a "French Train" as it necessitates almost a professor of languages to *compre le bou coup, a la Francais.*

Mr. Burns spent two weeks in the Galt hospital following an operation.

Miss Reeves has returned after a short visit with relatives and friends at Medicine Hat.

Miss Wilson, of the dressmaking department, spent three weeks with her mother and father at Moose Jaw and friends in Winnipeg.

While writing our notes for *The Beaver* we learned of the sudden decease of Mr. F. Reeve, of Calgary, who has a number of friends in Lethbridge, and we know the loss will be keenly felt in the Calgary store. The staff at Lethbridge deeply sympathize with Mrs. Reeve in her bereavement.

Curling

THE Southern Alberta district bonspiel was held here from January 16th to 21st. Curlers with "stane and besom" were here from as far west as Cranbrook and Fernie, B.C., and east to Bow Island. Many beautiful prizes, including elegant silver cups, were up for competition. The weather man did his very best for them and the ice was excellent. Mr. Scott of the office staff is assisting the Lethbridge aggregation in holding its own in this sport and is in line to take his place in the semi-finals.

The above is not intended to dishearten any of the store rinks likely to take up our challenge in the last issue.

EDMONTON

H.B.C. Hockey

PLAYING a brand of hockey that would not be denied, the *Beavers* went into the undisputed lead in the senior city hockey league Friday, January 13th, by defeating the South Side team, last year's champions.

This game, which had been looked forward to as one of the best games of the year, fully lived up to expectations, the play at all times being of the highest class and, considering the soft condition of the ice owing to the spring-like weather, at times bordered on the sensational. The back-checking and combination play of the forward line composed of Baker, Howey and Coleman was a treat to watch.

To pick an individual star was impossible, as every man played the game of his life, and that game is good enough to carry them to the championship if continued.

To date this year the H.B.C. team has played six games, winning one from the South Side and tying with the same team in the first game of the season 4 to 4 after one of the most gruelling games one could wish to see. They won from the Alberta Government Telephones, 4 to 0, and losing one to the same team, 3 to 0, when they left their shooting eyes at home, and winning two from the Pierce-Arrows.

The team this year is composed of practically the same players as last year when they were just nosed out of the championship. A new addition and one who is making a name for himself as one of the best goalkeepers in senior hockey is Dick Howey, the young brother of Jim Howey (captain). The defence, composed of S. Ferris and S. Stephen, is the strongest in the league, while Baker, Howey and Coleman on the forward line are exceptional stick handlers, fast skaters and the hardest back checkers in the city. This lineup, with Carmichael, Garry Ferris, Bissonette and Zimmerman ready to relieve at any time, is expected to carry off the high honors.

Much credit for the showing of the boys goes to Mr. Perrier, our trainer and coach, for getting them in shape to stand the pace.

Another feature of the H.B.C. hockey team is the loyal support accorded by the store staff and our band of rooters led by the one and only Bill Fleming, chief rooter. The league standing to date:

Team	*Played*	*Won*	*Lost*	*Tied*
H.B.C. Beavers	6	4	1	1
South Side	6	3	2	1
A.G.T.	6	4	2	0
Pierce-Arrows	6	0	6	0

Store Notes

Miss Edna Alumbaugh has been transferred from the millinery department to the adjustment bureau, filling the vacancy left by Miss June Boyle.

Miss Mina Dunlop, cashier at the adjustment bureau, has been transferred to the general office, and Miss MacLean, a newcomer to the store, is filling her place.

Mr. Johnson, shoe department manager, is away on an extensive buying trip. He will attend the big convention of shoe manufacturers at Chicago and will visit the markets at Montreal, Cincinnati, New York and Boston.

Mr. Secord, department manager of the ladies' ready-to-wear section, also left for the eastern markets, buying for spring.

Mr. Jack Hughes has been appointed city representative of H.B.C. and will also have charge of a new department known as the information bureau, for the benefit of newcomers and visitors to the city seeking information.

Miss Gladys Dolighan, of the waist section, is a newcomer to the store and we are pleased to welcome her.

The advertising department extends deepest sympathy to the relatives of Mr. Reeve, late advertising manager of the Calgary store, during their sad bereavement.

The girls are (left to right): Winnie Cox, Edna Alumbaugh, Doris Nelson and Etheleen McEwen

Beauty Contest

WHAT promises to create much interest is the Edmonton *Journal* beauty contest now in full swing throughout the city. The various large stores, wholesale houses, offices and factories have been asked by the *Journal* to enter a group of four girls. Prizes will be awarded to the group which the judges consider the best, not only for "visibility" but for smart, business-like appearance.

The above group of salesladies were selected to represent H.B.C. Easy to look at and pretty hard to beat, we'll say. The girls are (left to right) Winnie Cox, Edna Alumbaugh, Doris Nelson and Etheleen McEwen.

June Brides Will Be Numerous

AN epidemic of burnt third fingers of the left hand has been raging in the Edmonton store since Christmas. The number of dazzling solitaires has been remarkably prevalent, so much so that we are lead to believe that it has become "catching."

These charming young ladies have succumbed to this popular malady: Misses Megahy, Reid, Dunlop, Peterson, Rudder, Anton, Cameron, Martin and Wilson.

There are a few more we are expecting to be stricken before long, but if serious complications ensue such as loss of appetite and acute indigestion our nurse, Mrs. McKenna, is always on the spot to administer relief.

Things We Would Like To Know

—the name of the driver who tried to square the timekeeper to refrain from putting a certain young lady's name on the late list and whether he loves her or if the pain in the left side of his manly bosom is not due to indigestion?

—why a certain young man in the shipping room told everyone his name was George, when his real name is Edward John—some "Dodge," we'll say.

—why is it that some of our salesladies still persist in trying to evade the regulation store dress in spite of the floor manager's instructions?

U.S. Indian Chief Drops in on Us

A DISTINGUISHED visitor, Chief White Elk, of the famous Cherokee tribe in Oklahoma, came to the Edmonton store last month. Chief White Elk was travelling with a picture in which he and several other Indians took a prominent part. The picture was showing at the Rialto theatre.

On reaching Edmonton one of his first visits was to H.B.C., of which he had heard so much. He asked for pictures of the 250th Anniversary pageant report, news of which had reached as far south as Oklahoma.

The chief's wishes were readily complied with. It happened that the advertising department stenographer was alone when White Elk called—

gaily bedecked with an elaborate headdress of eagle feathers, ermine skins and other ornamentations. When found a few minutes later she was in a state of nervous prostration. Possibly she thought she was going to be scalped.

After a lapse of two years it is very gratifying to know that the famous H.B.C. pageant held at Edmonton is still remembered. Numerous inquiries for historical data and other information are still being received.

Billiard Handicap

THERE are a number of billiard enthusiasts in the Edmonton store and monthly handicaps have been held. The first match was hotly contested, all the games being won by a very narrow margin. The first handicap was won by C. Digney, display manager, the second by P. A. Stone. In these tournaments 40 and 50 breaks have been common occurrences.

WINNIPEG

The Biggest Word in Business

By S. D. GILKERSON

ENTHUSIASM! It is business "itch." Enthusiasm is the salesman's silent partner.

Cash can buy, but it takes enthusiasm to sell; enthusiasm is the emblem of energy, not an epitaph of ended effort. It tells whether you are in a class, or outclassed. It predicts your position to-morrow. The man who lacks enthusiasm has paralysis of the "think tank," has mud in his mental make-up; his place is in history. Enthusiasm in any language is the outside evidence of inside belief. It is the full interpretation of individual effort on fire.

It proves that the backbone of the individual is right where it ought to be in business. The man with enthusiasm has a heart, a mind, a soul and a body all working overtime.

Enthusiasm is the polar star that attracts ambition in any country or in any clime.

Enthusiasm is the one thing that can never exhaust itself because it constantly generates new power.

Enthusiasm is the maximum of manhood. It is absolute fidelity to little things, and has a firm grip on the cross of some high ideal. Salaries bribe men to do, enthusiasm is the witchery of really wanting to do. It is eagerness to be up front. The despondent dub, the hopeless human, the forlorn fellow, is sometimes tolerated on the payroll out of sympathy for those who are dependent upon him, but it would be eminently cheaper, decidedly better, to pension the pessimistic parasite.

Miss Woodhead, manager of ladies' ready-to-wear department, departed for eastern markets on January seventh.

Mr. Dunbar, manager of the shoe department, left early in January for Milwaukee, New York and other eastern cities, buying for his department.

Mr. McLellan, some time buyer of ladies' blouses and fine wear and now located at Calgary, renewed old-time friendships among Winnipeg store folks recently. He remarked on the many changes since his time. Quite a few of us were glad to shake his hand and to note his cheery smile.

The rumor has reached Winnipeg that Miss McEwan, of the Calgary store and one of the most popular members of the Winnipeg store family for a number of years, is soon to exchange her freedom for the state of married blessedness. We extend to her Winnipeg's heartiest congratulations. It is rumored the lucky fellow is an H.B.C. man. He has shown decided good judgment.

Rumored but not confirmed—that Mr. Davison, of the display department, has applied to the chief of police for a position as traffic officer on the new mall, claiming previous experience in handling employees' traffic and directing notice to the masquerade dance advertisements in the time office.

TOO many girls are looking forward to a money moon and not enough to a honeymoon.—R.A.L.

H.B.C. Shoe Buyers to Chicago

THE following shoe buyers from various department stores of the Hudson's Bay Company left Winnipeg Sunday, January 8th, to attend the Eleventh Annual National Shoe Retailers' convention at Chicago, beginning January 9th:

S. D. Wilson	*Vancouver*
H. N. Parker	*Calgary*
W. E. Johnson	*Edmonton*
M. R. Stewart	*Victoria*
A. C. Dunbar	*Winnipeg*

Jolly Masquerade at the Fort

A BRILLIANT spectacle and enjoyable time that will be long remembered by all who took part marked the occasion of the second annual H.B.C. masquerade ball on January 11th. The costumes and disguises were very cleverly designed. The music was excellent and not a dull moment was allowed to creep in throughout the entire five hours of merriment.

"Indians" from the far northern posts of the Company danced in quite civilized manner with grand dames from the courts of kings, pierrots, pierettes, pirates, clowns, maids from the sunny south, geisha girls from far Japan, jolly sailor lads and lasses, Turkish ladies escaped for the night from their harems and charming misses in latest 1922 evening attire all contributed to the brilliant colors and pleasing effects of the scene.

The dances were under the direction of Tom Johnson, a most efficient and experienced master of ceremonies, assisted by a committee from the retail store, land, executive, fur and wholesale departments.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward FitzGerald, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Ogston and Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Veysey, were the judges of the costumes, and awarded prizes in a manner that gave satisfaction to all.

The prizes were as follows:

Best dressed lady—Mrs. John Calder, attired in an Irish court costume.

Most original ladies' costume—Miss Parker, representing a lady from the Turkish harem.

Ladies' comic costume— Mrs. Munion cleverly disguised as a black cat.

Most original men's costume—Mr. Munion, who represented electricity in its various forms of utility.

Men's comic costume—Mr. Bailies, who was gotten up as a Zulu.

Miss Sadie Green, as Little Red Riding Hood, was awarded the special prize for young girls.

The party broke up at 12.30 with everyone happy and looking forward to one or two more such occasions before the season ends.

The committee wish to thank, through these columns, the judges and all who contributed so generously toward the success of the affair.

The Month's Biggest Laugh

THE energetic committee in charge of arrangements for our masquerade put a good one over on the store employees in advertising the event. At the entrance to the time office a day or two previous to the dance, a display form was dressed up in full police uniform with baton pointing to notices of the affair. A big red-headed "copper," he looked as natural as life.

At noon-time on the day previous the costume was donned by a living person wearing a mask. Then when the employees came trooping out to lunch the fun began. With sly digs of the baton, dropped coins and similar stunts pulled off by the supposed dummy figure, the effect was laughable in the extreme.

One buyer was quietly reading the notice board when he received a jolt that shook his ribs and nearly resulted in his "beating up" an innocent bystander whom he thought was the cause of the blow. Several of the young ladies are even now just recovering from the shock they received. Another gentleman came running hastily to the time office in answer to a 'phone call, but paused a moment to prop up the dummy which was in the act of falling. Judge his amazement when he found it to be a flesh and blood figure. The stunt was certainly a winner.

Curling

THE first round of the retail curling competition was completed December 31st. Mr. Mills was the winner with four wins and one loss, standing at the end of the first round as follows:

Skip	*Won*	*Lost*
Mills	4	1
Ogston	3	2
Scott	3	2
Healy	2	3
Bowdler	2	2
Pearen	1	4

Two games have been played in the second round up to January 12th, Pearen and Bowdler leading the way with two wins apiece. Mr. Pearen was evidently not quite satisfied with his first round showing and started off the second round by defeating the two leaders of the first round.

Retail vs. Wholesale

(Delivery Departments)

A battle royal marked the occasion when these two redoubtable rinks met at the Terminal, January 11th.

After being eight down, retail came from behind to tie the score in the last end and win the game with a good one in the extra end. Lineup:

Retail	*Wholesale*
H. Logan	Finlay
T. Upjohn	Brotheridge
J. Scott	Skimmings
A. Mills (skip)	Swan (skip)

"Information Wanted"

SOME remarks in the January *Beaver* by the associate editor at Vancouver could well apply to Winnipeg. He asks why employees don't send in contributions. If we are to make our section a success and credit to the magazine, everyone must contribute some little part towards that success. No matter how unimportant you may deem the news—*send it in*. It may be just the little item we have been awaiting. *The Beaver* is your book. Help to make it as interesting as possible.

We sometimes hear the remark, "Not much in the Winnipeg news this month. Look at Calgary or Edmonton; how good their section is." Well, it would take a team of dray horses to drag an item of news or a contribution from many of our folk. And often they are people in a splendid position to write something of interest and instruction.

What about some of the buyers who visit other scenes and cities periodically? We stay-at-homes would like to hear from them now and then—about the fine stores in the big cities to the south and east; the warehouses and factories visited; methods of manufacturing certain kinds of merchandizing, where it comes from, the people they meet, etc.

The field is broad and hardly touched in our columns yet. Come, let's hear from new quarters soon and we'll all look for the Winnipeg news with more avidity than ever each month—T.F.R.

Alley Bowling

EACH Monday night a husky bunch of stalwarts hie themselves to the Y.M.C.A. bowling alleys and make the "welkin" ring with lusty shouts and banter. The enthusiasts are Bert Leckie, George Bowdler, Sam Beggs, Bob Cunningham, Keele, Carter, Davison, Garwood, Mr. Whisson, Mr. Miller, Ben Bolt and Bob Jones. Mr. Gilkerson has promised to join the party after stocktaking and show the boys how 300 counts are made.

To date Mr. Beggs holds the best average with 166 (some rolling for a novice!) Mr. Bowdler holds the record for highest single game—a neat 217. Dreams came true the other evening when Keele rolled 170. He surprised everybody—but then who wishes to lose a *quarter*? They say there were stakes upon the game. Captain Whisson and his team have to date had a little the best of matters.

Hockey

WE note with pleasure that Cliff O'Meara, garage manager, is rapidly rounding into form and burning up the ice as a member of the *Winnipegs* in the Manitoba Senior Hockey League. At present he stands second in number of goals scored in the league. When in top form he is one of Winnipeg's star performers on the steel blades. The western prairie cities—Regina, Calgary, Edmonton and Saskatoon—are now enjoying a big hockey boom. A great part of it is due to the high brand of hockey displayed by boys from Winnipeg. It's a great game—the speediest on earth, our national sport—typically Canadian in its spirit of enthusiasm and energy.

WHOLESALE—DEPOT

Congratulations to Miss C. Mercer on her recent acquisition of a diamond for the third finger of her left hand. We understand some "Wyllie" fellow has been "making hay while the snow flies."

Mr. C. W. Baker (traveller) made a record trip recently to Minneapolis. While there he assumed a new contract—a life sentence this time by taking unto himself a wife—namely Mrs. C. J. Merkley. He was the recipient of a cabinet of silver from the various staffs.

The managers and sales-staff from Regina and Saskatoon paid us a visit during the holiday season and participated in our second annual whist drive, dance and supper.

The full brigade of H.B.C. country travellers left for their various fields of operation January 9th. They are quite optimistic as to the results to be expected for 1922. They see a "silver lining" and intend "carrying on" with greater enthusiasm.

J. Duffina (Duff), of Regina wholesale staff, recently called on us while on his way west from his home town, Faribault, Minnesota.

Presentations at the Candy Factory

THE general manager paid the candy factory a visit on Friday, 23rd December. The employees were assembled in the large room on the main floor. The workers had purchased a gift in token of their regard and goodwill towards both Superintendent G. A. Eddington and Accountant J. M. MacDonald.

Mr. Veysey, in making the presentations, said: "I am pleased to be present on this happy occasion, when the goodwill existing between superintendent and workers is so much in evidence. I think, Mr. Eddington, that the workers must have learned in some way that your 25th wedding anniversary was due on December 28th, for I notice their gift to you is a very appropriate silver service.

"When a man has been married twenty-five years he shows it, but looking at your superintendent one would judge that he had been well fed and taken care of, and had not led a 'Maggie and Jiggs' life with rolling pins and other kitchen utensils as convincers. It would be good if we could all be present to help celebrate his golden anniversary."

In making the presentation to Mr. McDonald, Mr. Veysey said: "It gives me great pleasure to present to you this handsome cut glass bowl. It is gratifying to know that the relations between you and the factory workers since you have been here are of such a friendly nature that they take this means of showing their appreciation and regard."

An Old-Timer Passes Away

H.B.C. Wholesale suffered a loss last month when John Edward Medland, 65 years old, a valued employee, died January 4th. He had been in the employ of the Company since 1916. Formerly he was with the J. D. McArthur company and assisted in building railways through Western Canada. Mr. Medland came to Winnipeg in 1880 from Exeter, Devon, England. A widow and stepson, Mr. C. Hardwick, a son in Denver, Colo., and four sisters in Exmouth, England, survive him.

Mr. C. W. Veysey, Mr. T. Ross and all the dry goods staff were present at the funeral in St. John's cemetery. The pallbearers were E. J. Riley, W. Nairn, T. J. Seaborn, W. A. Edmonds, J. Parkinson and E. J. Hardiman (the latter two representing the retail store)

The following letter of appreciation has been received from Mrs. Medland:

"I wish to express my heartfelt appreciation of the kind and sincere tributes shown in honor of my late husband.

It is indeed a great comfort in our bereavement to realize there are so many friends who share our sorrow."

"Yours very sincerely,
Grace Medland."

Curling Suggestion

THE H.B.C. Rink entered in the Winnipeg wholesale curling league has lost five and won only three of the eight games played up to the time of going to press.

The rink should be composed at all times of the best curlers among the staff, but from a spectator's point of view it might be greatly improved by

selecting the four best curlers from the staff and play them together through the season instead of changing every week. We're not in the least downhearted and are looking for great things before the competition closes.—W.A.E.

Standing of the Rinks

BELOW is the standing of rinks from December 21st to January 18th, inclusive. It will be noticed that some of the strong skips have fallen, while the weak ones have taken on a new lease of life. Kinsman (Teddy) is a good sport; he knows how to take defeat. No victory was more popular than his first one over his opponent, Swan (Dugald). Teddy said it was *Friday the 13th* that did it, but alas my "puir wee brither" Swan!

Skip	*Played*	*Won*	*Lost*	*Standing*
Nairn	8	6	2	.750
Edmonds	8	6	2	.750
Poitras	7	5	2	.715
Ritchie	9	6	3	.666
Phelan	7	4	3	.570
Veysey	7	4	3	.570
McMicken	9	5	4	.555
Brock	6	3	3	.500
Thompson, A.	9	4	5	.445
Seaborn	9	4	5	.445
Ross	9	3	6	.333
Snider	7	2	5	.285
Swan	7	2	5	.285
Kinsman	8	1	7	.125

GIRLS' LEAGUE

	Played	*Won*	*Lost*	*Standing*
Thomas, Miss	4	3	1	.750
Smeaton, Miss	4	2	2	.500
Woodrow, Miss	4	2	2	.500
Hatfield, Miss	4	1	3	.250

An Open Letter

MONTH by month our little magazine, *The Beaver*, appears in our midst, but if employees do not help out, wholesale depot will not continue to be well represented. The associate editor cannot cover all the news unless it is given to him. News is news and worth reading, and there are in our midst many who can give us much interesting material.

This department can have more space if there is good material to fill it.

Your associate editor is kept busy collecting news to fill one page. If we want more everybody must get busy and let him have notes by the 15th of every month. Let the staff help record all happenings likely to be of interest to our co-workers in other departments.

W.A.E.

"THE THREE MUSKETEERS," Porthos, Athos and Aramis, at the H.B.C. masquerade, January 11th, characterized respectively by Messrs. B. Everitt, E. Almond and T. Nicholls, of the land department. But where was D'Artagnan?

LAND DEPT. NOTES

Mr. H. F. Harman, land commissioner, has been appointed a director of the Winnipeg Real Estate Exchange for 1922.

The wedding took place at Victoria, B.C., of Miss Louella Bower Brocklebank and Mr. Robert Burns Maynard on December 27th, 1921. Miss Brocklebank was in the employ of E. H. Wilson, H.B.C. land agent at Victoria.

Curling

The standing of the land department curling league as at January 16th:

Skip	*Won*	*Lost*
Joslyn	6	1
Nicholls	5	2
Nicholson	4	3
Harman	4	3
McDill	4	3
Thomas	3	4
Bellingham	2	5
Everitt	0	7

WINNIPEG

By BRAMLEYKITE

The tinted glow of promise,
As portrayed in western sky,
Denotes a bright tomorrow,
And a husky bye and bye.

THIS is a thriving "burg," and I am surprised to learn that there is seldom snow enough to bother.

The city has a climate of its own, caused by its being situated on a point of land, the Red river on one side, and the Assiniboine river on the other side, with Lake Winnipeg adjacent.

Cold? Yes, at times, but not as penetrating as in the New England states. Although this is the second week in December an overcoat is a burden. Automobiles are in use all winter. They do not use "horns" on the machines; across the radiators is the word "Dodge," and all the people can read.

Round steak is ten cents per pound, and other things in proportion. Cast-iron castings are three cents per pound, against nine cents in the United States. Steel castings are seven cents per pound, against eighteen to twenty-five cents in the United States.

The city has the cheapest electric light of any on the continent. It generates its own light and power, using waterfalls to do so. At night the whole city is "One White Way."

The city is on level ground. The street car service and rolling stock are splendid, and I have not noticed a policeman—not that I am above doing so.

As to money—every other building is a bank, and the city is full of structures. Everyone is comfortably clad, and has the general appearance of being well nourished.

An H.B.C. Curling Rink?

By WM. A. EDMONDS

CURLING is in full swing again with the various branches of the Company at Winnipeg, and there is a considerably larger number of men and women curling this year than formerly. Although ice was almost impossible to get from outside curling associations, the wholesale fortunately obtained ice very early in the season.

After hearing discussions among the H. B. C. curlers, it has been suggested that all the Company's Winnipeg branches combine in one large curling association and approach the Company's officials who enjoy the roarin' game themselves, with the end in view of erecting a rink for use of all officials and employees.

There would be more interest taken in the game and a more friendly spirit created in the different branches. Subscriptions from members would help to maintain the rink, and further revenue could be obtained from ice rentals to outside firms. Now let us all pull together and show what can be done toward organizing for next year.

Selling Goods by Introduction

IT has been very truly said that a child fresh from school can hand down what the customer specifically asks for, but that it takes a salesman to sell what the customer did not come prepared to buy. Pages might be written on this particular subject, but my object in this article is to deal more particularly with the art of selling by suggestion or introduction, and just what possibilities there are in this regard can only be realized by the individual concerned, and if this article will create in the minds of our readers a desire to try what they can do in this regard, my object will have been attained.

The following points are valuable to remember:

Firstly—That one must always remember that a customer must not under any circumstances be bored, the chief aim being to create in the mind of your customer a desire to buy.

Secondly—That no sale can reflect credit to the salesman nor build up business for the store unless the salesman can conscientiously believe that the customer is absolutely satisfied.

Thirdly—That with regard to sales by introduction the above reasons are not sufficient but you should by judicious and tactful methods be able to have your customer feel grateful to you for having called attention to the goods in question. Then and only then will you have rendered the Company an actual service in that regard.

There are many ways in which this may be accomplished. I will give a few simple suggestions and the individual salespeople who are interested in their Company's welfare, and incidentally their own advancement, will undoubtedly be quick to adapt the same to their own particular environments.

As an instance, with the conclusion of every purchase there quite naturally comes the question: "Is there nothing further this time, madam?" and quite frequently the over-zealous clerk will say, "nothing in so and so, or so and so," reciting in a parrot-like manner upwards of a dozen articles, with the result that the customer is at once bored to death and becomes impatient to get away.

A better way is to take the customer's word that her purchase has been completed and immediately open up your check book, preparatory to making up the check, but it is a very simple

matter at that particular moment to place something in front of customer in which, according to your most careful judgment of her, you sincerely believe she will be interested in, at the same time passing some remark such as "There is a very special value in towels (or whatever it may be) that we have just received," and let it go at that.

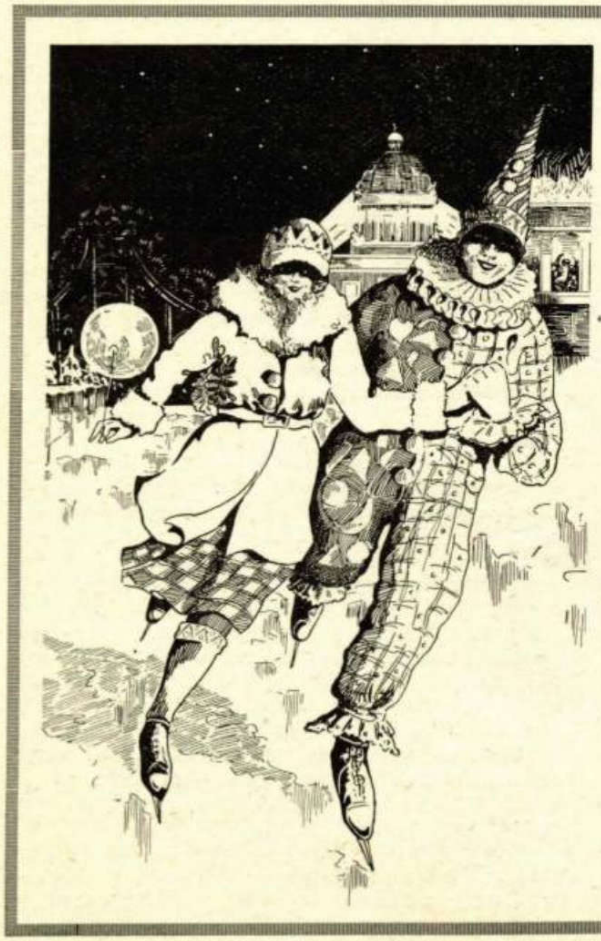
You are then busy as can be, making up the salescheck and watching out of the corner of your eye to see if customer is or is not interested in what you have laid before her. If she is interested it is well to pause for a moment before presenting the bill for purchase already made, but my experience has been that at least three out of every four times this practice was followed the customer was interested and many nice sales have been made in this way. In each case the desire to buy was created because some article of which she had particular need was placed before her.

As a test, one day while employed as a clerk in a Winnipeg store I made up my mind that I would see how much I could sell by introduction. Every customer I served that day I waited until she had completed the purchase of everything asked for, gave her time to consider if there was nothing else she required, and then proceeded in the above-described manner, with the result that there was scarcely one customer who didn't purchase one or more additional items, and the net result was that my total for the day was increased by this method exactly 50 per cent., or in other words my bona-fide sales by introduction were exactly half the amount of what my other sales were, and no doubt this or a similar method adapted to your own environments will meet with equal or greater success for you.

In many business houses it is a fairly common practice for the buyer or manager of a department to prepare some special line for introductory purposes, with really remarkable results, and when you figure it out that it all represents extra business without any added expense, how profitable a part of your business it may be made to be.

Another instance might be quoted where a chance remark or suggestion led to a big sale being made. A big rough-looking chap came in for some white table oilcloth, made his purchases and was pocketing his change just preparatory to leaving, tactful efforts being made in the meantime to ascertain if there was nothing else we could do for him, when he said, "Say, you don't keep cups and saucers, do you?" Well, as it was purely a dry goods store, I had to admit with regret that we did not, but I said we have some mighty good towels to wipe them on. "By golly," said he, "I guess I want some towels," and he was so delighted at the suggestion that he told me he had a sub-contract and was outfitting a small camp, the result of it being that he not only bought a fairly decent order of tea towelling but some grey blankets and other supplies for his camp amounting in all to very little short of one hundred dollars.

No doubt similar opportunities are occurring in and around us every day of our lives, and the one big question for us all to decide is, "Are we selling the most goods of which we are capable?"



Emphasizing the Optimism of the West

WINNIPEG WINTER CARNIVAL

FEBRUARY 6-12 NINETEEN TWENTY-TWO

VICTORIA

Retail Store Notes

Mr. Hunter is a good sport, but everyone is anxious to know—Well, he missed the skating party, and he sure did promise.

They say Mr. Hibberd is now seriously considering forming a dramatic society. It's bound to be a success. Did you notice his impersonation of "Nero" at the staff banquet?

No wonder the porters will beat anyone at athletics. Look at the training they get. You have to be an athlete and practice to get a truck over the main floor after 10 a.m. See how quietly they do it; all others make such a darned noise they get caught at the first door. "Nuff sed."

Mr. Musgrove, manager of departments 5 and 6, who has been seriously ill for the past month, is rapidly recovering.

For a demonstration in smiles, just watch Fred of the stockroom collecting supply orders. "Business is business," you know.

We all know a cannibal costume is noted for its brevity, and Mr. Hunter won first prize at the carnival dressed as a cannibal.

But what the——did Watson say to him? That's what we would like to know.

Staff Banquet

THE first banquet and dance given by the management to the Victoria staff was held on Thursday evening, December 29th, when nearly five hundred happy employees sat down in the *Victorian* restaurant.

The general manager thanked the staff on behalf of the Company for the splendid loyalty, co-operation and support shown by everyone since the opening of the establishment last September, and especially during the Christmas rush. He was proud to see such a fine gathering and sincerely hoped that there would be many more like it.

During the banquet the company were entertained with orchestral selections, while at intervals songs were contributed by Miss Isabelle Taylor and Bert Waude.

Shortly before 9 o'clock an adjournment was made to the third floor, which in a few hours had mysteriously been converted into a beautiful ballroom. Tall palms, gay colored bunting and decorative lamps had been tastefully arranged, and it was hard indeed to realize that this was the carpet department.

Invitations had been sent out to two hundred or more friends of employees and when the orchestra struck up the floor soon presented an animated scene of merry dancers. For those who did not care to dance, card tables were provided in the drapery section, where whist, five hundred and other games were greatly enjoyed. During the evening songs were contributed by Miss Kay Robb, accompanied on the piano by her sister, Miss Jay Robb.

This first social gathering of the Hudson's Bay Company's Victoria staff proved so successful that on every hand one hears the constant query, "When is the next one to take place?"

H.B.C. Hockey Team Joins League

THE Commercial league is away to a good start, five teams being entered. Judging from their action on the ice, the contest will be a lively one.

A splendid cup has been donated by the Victoria Sporting Goods Company and is being suitably engraved by them.

Permanent officers were elected at the regular meeting of the league on January 12th, G. R. Lovatt, of the Hudson's Bay Company, being elected president, Mr. LeRoy, of the Eagle Club, vice-president, and Mr. McAllister, of the *Colonist*, secretary.

The five teams entered are the Hudson's Bay, Gyro Club, Eagle Club, Weiler Bros. and the United Newspapers.

Mr. Stanhope, who is managing the Hudson's Bay team, is working hard getting the boys lined up strong and the rest of the store intend to turn out and give the H.B.C. team every encouragement to help them win.

Miss Morris Honored

MISS Young was hostess at a jolly party recently given at her home on Marion Street, on the occasion of a presentation made to Miss Morris, of the store, who is shortly leaving to be married. Mr. Pout, on behalf of the department, presented Miss Morris with a handsome silver casserole, silver spoons and Maderia doilies. The evening was spent with dancing and music.

Buyers' Movements

AT the time of going to press Miss Grimason, of the ready-to-wear department, and Mr. Stewart, of the shoe department, are visiting the eastern markets.

Miss Workman, of the millinery department, leaves for the east towards the end of January.

The following buyers expect to be away during February:

Miss McLaren—Whitewear
Mr. Stanhope—Furniture
Mr. Florence—Dress goods, silks and staples.
Mr. Mowry—Hardware
Mr. Hunter—Men's and boys' departments.

Things We Want to Know

Whether Forrest Ray contemplates substituting a baby buggy for his "Dodge" car?

The reason why Mr. Haywood, of the grocery stock room, is known amongst his companions as "Shorty?"

Whether Harry Ellis "caught a crab" on his last shooting expedition in the straits?

Whether Mr. Hunter felt the "draught" at the masquerade ball of New Year's eve?

Skating Party

A LARGE number turned out on Tuesday, January 10th, to the Arena rink and spent a most enjoyable evening. It certainly looks as if one could also raise a splendid ladies' team. Speed—! Well, come to the next party and see for yourself.

Employees' Association Formed

THE inauguration of the Hudson's Bay Employees' Association at Victoria took place at the banquet and dance given by the management on December 29th.

In explaining the objects of the association, Mr. G. A. H. Porte, the general manager, who presided, stated that there would be two branches—welfare and social.

The welfare branch would embrace the giving of benefits during absence through sickness, medical attention and visits by committee members to employees ill or unfit for work. It would also include several other commendable features.

The social branch would be for the encouragement of athletics, such as hockey, skating and football; while card parties, dances and picnics would be arranged.

Although in no way compulsory, Mr. Porte said it was hoped that every member of the staff would join.

Elected by acclamation were Mr. Porte as president of the association; Thos. Wilkinson, secretary, and W. H. Tasker, treasurer. Balloting took place for two vice-presidents and twelve members to serve on the executive committee. The results were as follows:

Vice-Presidents—H. Pout and P. N. A. Smith.

Executive Committee—Miss A. McLaren, Miss M. Grimason, Miss E. Paull, Mrs. N. A. Adams, Miss H. Workman, Miss J. Burridge, Messrs. J. W. Ambery, C. B. Watson, J. L. Hunter, T. McBain, G. L. Hibberd and A. Mann.

It was announced later that practically every member of the staff had joined the association, which fact augurs well for its future success.

Reminiscences of a Hudson's Bay Company's Factor

Sixty Years of Adventure and Service in Various Sections of the Far North West

By H. J. MOBERLY

CHAPTER XI.

I Take Charge of Jasper House

THE Blackfeet and their related tribes, the Bloods and the Sarcees, had some odd customs, differing from those of most of the other Indian tribes of the Saskatchewan country. One was to create a father, brother or son out of one or other of us by the following simple means: The Indian who desired to form such a connection first notified the person selected of his wish. Then, if that person were willing, the Blackfoot appeared before him in full war dress, comprising leather shirt with heavy fringes of human hair and strips of ermine skin and leather, beaded and fringed leggings, beaded moccasins and feather head dress.

Divesting himself of this costume, he offered it to his prospective relative, who was required to give in exchange all the raiment he was wearing at the time, after which the pipe of peace was solemnly smoked, and the ceremony was completed—the relationship effected. From that moment the Indian could be depended upon against all other Indians. I myself had a "brother" among the Blood Indians, another among the Blackfeet, and a son among the Sarcees.

On one occasion my Blood Indian "brother" brought in for my acceptance a splendid American horse, which he had stolen from Uncle Sam's ranch. As I was absent from home at the time, he kept the horse for me until we met two years later. In the meantime no one was allowed to mount him.

One of my "brothers" was named *Nahtoose* the other *Maquest Mahkwan*. Arrangements of this kind we only made with well-known chiefs. Both of my Indian "brothers" were subsequently killed by Crees.

At this time the country of the North-west was considered a vast desert, with the exception of a small tract around Red River Settlement, and good only for buffalo and Indians. A few vegetables were grown at Carlton, Fort Pitt and Edmonton.

At The Pas, on the Saskatchewan, at Lac la Biche and Lac St. Anns, the missionaries had gardens in which they raised all the vegetables they needed. As these cultivated spots were not within the prairie country they were regarded as exceptional localities that by chance had good soil.

Further than this, agriculture was not thought of, and of course the wheat growing possibilities of the west were undiscovered. None could have predicted that in half a century this great region would become the "granary of the empire."

The prairie in my early days commenced about three miles from Fort a la Corne, and what is now covered by large poplar as far as Duck lake was then all open prairie with wood only along the large lakes and rivers. From the Red River Settlement to the Rockies—all open prairie—there was not a single house or a settler outside of the Company's posts, the only inhabitants being a few half-breeds clustered around the missions at Lac la Biche and Lac St. Anns.

We found ourselves at Edmonton ahead of the outfits from Lesser Slave Lake and Jasper House; both, however, arrived next day. When the boats were all gathered and ready they set out again en route for York Factory and the long river journey to salt water on Hudson Bay. I, however, was appointed to take charge of Jasper House, or rather a summer hunting party at that post, as the valley in which it was situated was almost completely flooded every Spring until late in July or August. This flooding was caused by a river from the north and another from the south flowing into the Athabasca just above the mouth of the mountain pass, which is not very

broad, and thus acted as a dam for the freshets, storing the spring water until midsummer.

So after spending a few days at Edmonton when the brigade had gone, I started with seven men who had come down from Jasper House to take the boat back, accompanied by an interpreter, a half-breed from Oxford House.

We took with us some twenty-five or thirty ponies, for riding and to carry supplies. We proceeded as far as Fort Assiniboine on horseback, and thence by boat. The track as far as the crossing of the Pembina was good, but from that point we had to encounter swamps, fallen trees, and mosquitoes, the latter by wholesale and all hungry. It took us six days to reach the post, where the boat was in readiness, then after a short delay we embarked and proceeded up stream for Jasper House.

As we were in no hurry we enjoyed good shooting on the way. Hundreds of geese had their nests among the numerous sand-bars and islands. Occasionally one of the crews, the members of which were all Iroquois half-breeds, and capital hunters, would set off early in the morning ahead of the boats. When they had succeeded in killing a moose we stopped to have the meat carried down to the boat, and by this means were provided with fresh meat all the way.

We arrived in due time at Lac Brule, which is simply a place where the river widens out a few hundred yards, just below the entrance to the pass. There we found encamped all the Iroquois as well as the hunters, meat haulers, and horse keepers we had engaged. We were now at the actual foot of the Rockies.

After receiving supplies of tobacco and ammunition from our stores, the Iroquois "pitched off" in various directions, while I remained a few days preparing saddles, tents, etc. And here I enjoyed my first taste of the Rocky Mountain bighorn sheep, which were very numerous on all the mountains in the vicinity. I think no meat can compare with that of a three-year-old ewe of this species when in season.

The Hudson's Bay Company kept some three hundred and fifty mares, separated into various bands in the valley along the pass as far as where the river forked into two, one branch flowing to the Fraser river, the other to the Columbia.

We commenced our hunting along the foothills; and as this kind of thing had been going on for years we had good roads, or "pitching" trails, as they were called, because whole camps travelled them and were pitched at accustomed intervals where there was feed for the horses. Sometimes we made only a few miles, sometimes more, remaining two or three weeks at each stop, till the vicinity was hunted out and the meat dried and cached.

At length we reached the head waters of the Smokey river, and after hunting up this ground and sufficient dry provisions were secured we "pitched" back again over nearly the same road. Our outfit consisted of four hunters and four meat haulers with their respective families,—my horsekeeper and his family, myself, a cook and an interpreter—ten lodges in all, with about one hundred and fifty horses. The lodges were made of dressed moose skin, from eight to ten skins each, and were extremely comfortable.

We killed over seventy moose on the trip, beside a great number of bighorn, caribou and mountain goats. I had often gone out with one of the hunters to learn how to hunt moose, but had never killed one, although I had started quite a few. One day, however, I was riding ahead of the party when I saw a moose coming down the bed of a creek. I got my horse behind a bush, while I hid behind a large rock. When the moose, a cow with her young, had approached within twenty yards from me I shot them both, a feat over which I felt rather unreasonably proud when the band came up.

We found on arriving at the pass that the waters had subsided, so we proceeded to the post and thence sent men with horses to pack and bring in the various caches of dried provisions we had left behind us. It was now nearly the month of September, so engaging a boat crew I returned to Fort Assiniboine, whence I proceeded on horseback to Edmonton.

The country about the foothills where we had been hunting was all heavily timbered, chiefly with spruce,

poplar and tamarac. On the first range of mountains and in the valleys between the first and second range it was mostly prairie and we could ride almost anywhere on mountain ponies, which were nearly as surefooted as the goats. Bighorn and caribou were almost always in sight, though not always to be got at. The streams and rivers were full of trout—mountain, silver and speckled. The lakes abounded with duck, and beaver were seen wherever there was water. One small lake about ten miles north of the Mountain House, on the very top of a mountain, with no creek running into or out of it, was simply alive with trout. As soon as the hook struck the water dozens would jump for it. They weighed from three-quarters to one and a half pounds. On the upper part of the Smokey river there is one valley which is full of warm springs and covered with a luxuriant growth of grass. The snow never lies to any depth on the ground, which seems to be of a very rich soil.

This place some day not far distant will no doubt be a favorite resort, and if I am not mistaken a flourishing garden. I have a theory that coal beds have been smouldering under this district for years, and that the smoke which issues from the banks of the river, giving rise to its name, comes from them, issuing through fissures in the earth. The scenery all about here is magnificent.

On our way down the river we saw an exciting chase between a large wood wolf and a caribou. The hill was long and sloping, and had been burned over, leaving it quite clear from the top to the river, a quarter of a mile below.

The caribou, a fine large buck, came first in sight running with all his might, and close behind him appeared the wolf. As they neared the river we thought the caribou would make the water first, but about fifteen yards from the edge the wolf put on a spurt and succeeded in fastening his teeth in the sinews of the hind leg and in a minute the deer was hamstrung and down he came.

We were waiting quietly at the edge of the water, and the wolf was hardly on his feet before we had three balls into him, and his spoil was ours. He drove the deer to the river—we got the meat.

CHAPTER XII.

Wild Life of the Athabasca

THE ATHABASCA river from Jasper House as far as the Fort Assiniboine Post, is very shallow in the season of low water, with quite a number of rapids, but none of any considerable size. They can all be safely run by boats or canoes, and during the high water stage large boats can be run up or down. A flat-bottomed paddle steamer could run from Fort Assiniboine right to the foot of the Rocky Mountains.

On both sides of the river are thick woods, with some very good timber on the flats and banks, which are high below the mountains, growing gradually lower as the river descends. There are also numerous islands upon which good timber grows. No doubt parts, if cleared, could be cultivated to advantage. At Fort Assiniboine the common garden vegetables, such as potatoes, turnips, cabbage, carrots, parsnips, beets, etc., were grown with success.

The returns of the fort comprised all kinds of valuable furs—silver, black, cross and red foxes, beaver, lynx, marten, mink, otter, bear (black, brown and grizzly), dressed moose and caribou skins.

The expenses of this fort were very small, as all that was necessary to carry on the post were an interpreter at £30 and one man at £17.

We put in a short holiday on arriving at Edmonton, horse racing or shooting prairie chicken and duck. A party was organized to procure fresh buffalo meat. We went forth with fifteen Red river carts and some twenty-five men, and found buffalo a little beyond the Beaver Hills. Loading our carts with the meat occupied a couple of days. We returned to the post, and presently received word that the brigade was on its way up.

A few of us took our horses and ran down a little way below where Fort Saskatchewan now stands, about thirty miles below Edmonton. Here we met the boats toiling up the river.

We relinquished our horses to some of our friends who were wearied of the voyage, and took their places, read our letters and the newspapers and acquainted ourselves with what had been going on "outside" since the month of February, when the last packet had reached Edmonton.

When the cargoes had been unloaded and stored the head guide came for the grand "regale" or feast. At nightfall our Chief Factor gave a dance at his big house, with now and again a horn of rum to maintain the fun. There was no lack of fiddlers, as most of the French half-breeds played the fiddle, and so we had one of the old-time dances.

Every kind of people in the North—white, red and mixed, up to full painted squaws—where there that night. Eight and four-hand reels and single and double jigs were the favorite dances, with occasional "interludes". When any two of the men had a dispute they retired to settle it with their fists. After that, shaking hands, they returned to the dance and continued the fun, which was kept up till sunrise the next morning.

As our unmarried voyageurs were flush with silk and cotton handkerchiefs, gaudy prints, necklaces and beads, a good many weddings were arranged during the evening with the belles of the ball. Next day, if found advisable, the Chief Factor was required to ratify these marriages; if he did not, there was an end to them, as in that event no rations would be allowed for the woman or her children, nor would she be afforded transport from one post to another.

In a day or so, with so many brides, things took on a holiday appearance. With gaudy silk or cotton handkerchiefs, or ribbons on the head, striped red or green blankets belted round the waist for gowns, hair neatly braided and well plastered with pomatum and bear's grease, hands and face washed (bathing generally being out of fashion), the dusky cheeks touched up with vermilion, were now to be seen gay young women promenading in groups in every direction.

(To be continued)

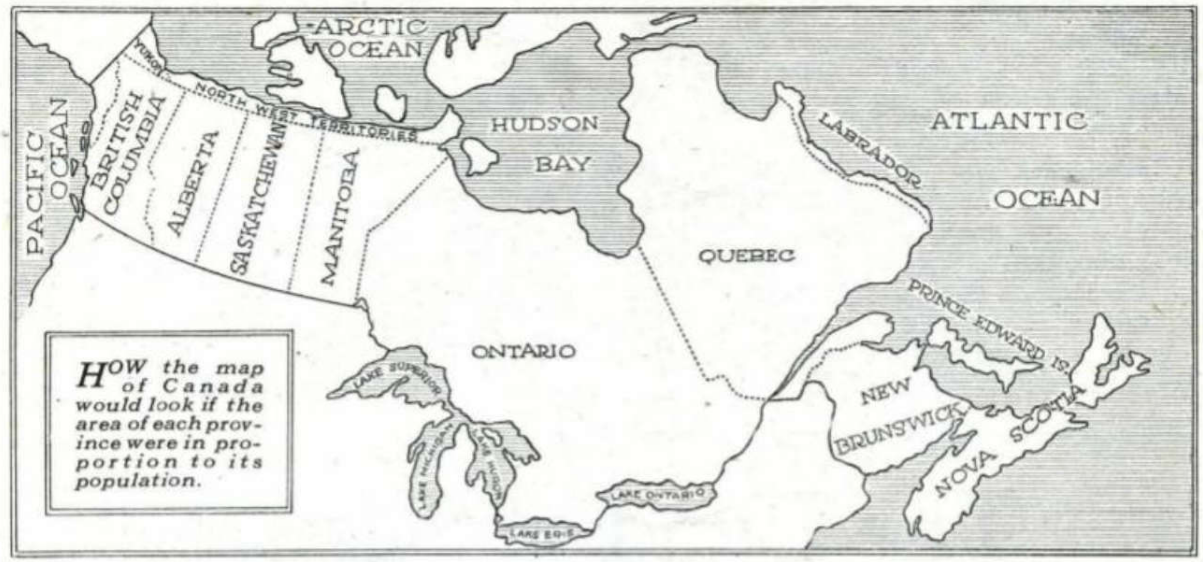
H. B. C. Helps Jobless

THE COMPANY last month appropriated $500 at Edmonton to provide employment for jobless men in clearing brush from H.B.C. lots, cooperating with the city officials, who proposed to clear adjoining municipally owned property. The move will assist not only to relieve the unemployment situation but will constitute a desirable cash local improvement.

THE IMPORTANCE OF TYPOGRAPHY IN ADVERTISING

This is not easy To read. It is made up of different sizes and faces. The progress of your eyes, in going over it, is slow and painful. Suppose everything you had to read was set up like this, —wouldn't it be an aggravation? And the onward stride of the world in science, commerce, literature and art would be lame and jerky.

On the other hand, these letters are of a uniform size and style. They fit and harmonize with one another. You can read these sentences rapidly and with scarcely any effort. Other things of the same character, if made to agree with one another in size, form and style, would save time and labor. STANDARDIZE!



Efficiency

By SHEM

Efficiency: "The cause, the truth, the laws of power of producing the effect intended."

II. THE FORCE OF HABIT

AS we shall get away from our route at times and because it's always nice to have news of home we will invest in a modern scientific instrument. Listen! I'll tell you what we'll do. We will fix the old flivver up with a wireless telephone outfit. Central is "High Ideals" and the switchboard the "Spirit of Service." We will have a real, up-to-date, honest-to-goodness outfit so that every view we get can be sparked home and stacked up and taken care of by central; and so that each view can also be compared and modified by comparison with each other.

The first bit of high grade we come to is the Hill of Habit. Our friends the psychologists can help us find the spot from which the best snapshot of this can be kodaked.

Every sensation recorded by the nervous system reaches us—our consciousness—by means of vibrations from some object which has our attention; we say we "see a tree"—actually we receive very rapid reflections of short rays of light travelling at a very high rate of speed from *each little part* of the tree on which we focus and from seeing one tree and another and another we perceive resemblance, difference and various characteristics, all of which we mentally classify as TREE; an image is formed at the outer eye, and received and perceived in the mind. All of this is the work of the afferent nervous system.

Suppose that ten years from now you want a mental picture of trees you saw in youth at a certain corner of a by-road in a little village of Invernesshire. You even want to see the branch from which you cut a slingshot fork and, astonishing as it may seem, you find the mind has stored that picture for you, vivid in every smallest detail. This happened only once. Many years ago you climbed that tree and yet the mind has a vivid picture of it ready for you whenever you call for it.

This effect on the mind is because of one moment of intense interest and concentration on your part. Your afferent nerves gathered all these particular vibrations, sorted, classified and stored them and whenever you want them there they are again. Lucky for you they don't intrude on your attentions when you are not wanting them!

Now suppose there is an image of something you want to similarly impress on your mind—some fact of life, some lesson of experience, some good and noble truth, some uplifting, worthy thing you would give the whole world to hold as yours forever, to be part of your character, builded into your very soul. How would you record it indelibly?

Just put the same forces at work as impressed the picture of the tree branch you cut the slingshot from—even the leafy twig you whittled away and left on that grey stone at the corner.

You gave that keen attention, you were interested, you valued that slingshot as a treasure, you appreciated its strength, its suppleness, the equality of its fork. You in fact started then to use what perhaps you even then did not know you had; you were laying the foundations of MEMORY!

Now listen: Supposing this vivid effect of one incident remains clear at thirty years. Are you capable of working out the sum of all the particulars your mind would have gathered had you multiplied this incident fifty-two times a year for thirty years. That would give you the answer in terms of the Force of Habit! Now get the wireless at work, call up central and get the "Spirit of Service." The two together! What possibilities!

(To be continued)

The Land of Silence

(Continued from last issue)

By GEORGE R. RAY, Moose Factory

Author of Kasba (White Partridge)

CHAPTER VI.

"Smooth Bill" Contemplates the Situation.

BUT stop! What was the engineer doing? And, indeed, the question seems one natural to ask.

Supported by the ex-policeman he was standing with one foot on a chair, and his trousers raised almost to his knee, calling on all present to remark and wonder at the wonderful symmetrical proportions of his leg. This exhibition having been duly admired he volunteered a song, dashed off at full tilt into "Ta-ra-ra, boom-de-ay," modulated the strain into "Poor Old Joe," floundered for a moment in "Annie Laurie" and then burst into tears, because, as he sobbed out, the strain reminded him of a girl who had jilted him.

At this the surly half-breed grabbed hold of him and forced him into his coon coat; the fellow protested and waving his hand the while and with tipsy tears proclaiming how "he'd loved her." But at last a fur cap was slapped upon his head and he was dragged to the door; not before the intoxicated man, however, had seized both of his host's hands and swore that he would never know happiness until his dearest friend, Miner, should have resided a month at his camp.

"Come, let's get out of this," said the breed, pushing the fellow outside.

"Well?" exclaimed the ex-constable with triumphant interrogation when they had gone.

"You're a bird!" returned Miner, admiringly. "We trimmed them to a finish. The breed was suspicious but I doubt if he caught on."

"Not him," scoffed the "bird," at the same time struggling into his jumper of strouds. "He's too thick; I've got *his* measure."

At that moment, as if to confound the boastful one and at the same time prove the truth of what is really a most valuable maxim, "appearances are sometimes deceitful," the door was thrown violently open and the head and shoulders of the half-breed appeared in the doorway. He stood looking from one to the other of the sharpers for some moments, as if in scornful appraisal, his lips drawn in a contemptuous smile, then directing his gaze at the ex-member of the force:

"Yu' dealt that hand yerself, eh?" he said, with sarcastic emphasis on just the right words.

The addressed started and flushed scarlet. "Yes," he admitted, truculantly, taking a step forward. "And what of it?"

"Oh, nothin' much," replied the other man. "Only it was a bit raw, that's all. If ye take me for a sucker ye can git that out o' yer bean right now. Savvy?"

"Oh, go to ——" The ex-policeman was evidently about to finish with a recommendation of some strength, but at that instant there was a commotion at the door.

The reveller, with the cunning of intoxication, finding himself for the moment free, was making valiant efforts to re-enter the cabin in search of "jush one more, 'fore — go."

But the breed caught hold of him once more and twisting him round with no gentle hand, hustled him away, leaving the door wide open.

"That fellow's dangerous," declared Miner, closing the door.

"Bah! don't worry about him. I've got him where I want him any day in the week."

"Better keep him away from here in the future."

Then Miner asked: "But this Inspector Blake, who's he? Do you know him?"

"No," was the answer, "but I know the corporal who's with him. He's a live one, *he* is. Better mind your Ps and Qs while he's around. Close up tight, is my advice."

Miner nodded thoughtfully. "You'd best stand clear of here while the Mounties are at York. And just you watch that breed."

"Oh, him! Don't you worry about him, I tell ye. I'll attend to him. Besides, the chief'll make him keep his yap shut. But say," questioned the man, "where do you come in on to-night's work?"

Miner shot him a look. "As how?" he parried swiftly.

"Why, I've got real dough." The speaker elucidated this fact by stuffing two wads of bills into his pockets. "All you've got out of it, as far as I can see, is the kid's paper. Is it any good?"

"Well," drawled Miner, with a smile in which there was something of mystery. "I guess I'll find a use for it before long." He dropped his voice and their heads drew closer and closer together.

"So the Chief Factor has been too clever for you in some way or other?" said the ex-constable after a time. "I know you well enough to think you would not hate him like this for merely turning down your grub order—that was just business. You couldn't have expected anything else. You knew the 'Great and Honourable' don't encourage hangers-on round their posts—they're bosses of creation in these parts, or think they are, which amounts to the same thing." Then as a thought struck him: "You've met the Factor before?"

Miner laughed harshly.

"You've guessed it. I've met him before and he got the better of me then, as you say. It happened a good many years ago, but I haven't forgotten."

"But he didn't recognize you?"

At which Miner laughed once more.

"No, I was a bird of another plumage then," and as he spoke these words Miner put his hand to his red locks and raised them a few inches from his scalp, leaving revealed a closely cropped head of brown hair, plentifully sprinkled with grey.

The other man stared with amazement.

"Well, I'm damned!" he exclaimed, when he found his voice. "I've known you all this time and never suspected you wore a wig. Well, I'll be damned!" Convulsed with laughter the fellow slapped his thigh and laughed until the tears fairly ran down his cheeks; and he dried his eyes and laughed again. "But tell me," he asked, when he could laugh no more, "tell me, what did his nibs do to you; did he fix ye good?"

"Not as you'd notice—a little matter of fifty bucks."

"That all? Well I suppose you know what you're about. So long!"

"So long!" returned Miner, as the man went out the door.

Long after the sound of the man's departing footsteps had entirely ceased, Miner stood as he had left him, in the middle of the cabin with his arms crossed upon his breast. The smile which was usually upon his lips had disappeared, and had been replaced by a gloomy, almost ominous earnestness.

"So the police are here at last," he muttered, after a while, with a dark expression. "Curse the luck! I wonder how long they're going to stay."

Throwing himself on a stool, he crossed his legs, passed his right hand over his wig of red hair, rubbed the stubble of his chin and sat in profound contemplation of the situation.

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That he had made good to "rustle a living," as he himself had put it, was quite obvious from his well-nourished condition. There might have been want, but it was not apparent. Whence the fellow obtained his supplies, was not known. Perhaps Alec MacDonald could have told, if he had wished, or it might be significant that he was a frequent visitor at Mr. ———'s camp at Marsh Point, or that he was often away for days together along the right-of-way, looking up the various gangs of men employed thereon, as shall be seen later. Yet, all of which might be neither here nor there, for Miner also frequented the Hudson's Bay Company's store a good deal, though since his first rebuff he had never again attempted to purchase anything thereat. Forsooth, Miner was as smooth as a politician, which is to say very smooth indeed, and by one means and another had got himself at least tolerated in the neighborhood. Even the Chief Factor, who thought there was something familiar about the man's face, but could not place him, had begun of late to answer his respectful "good-day" with a civil nod.

Miner hailed from the East. During a somewhat chequered career he had been most things, but his principal trade was, however, the sale of spirituous liquors, which with or without (more generally without) a license he had carried out to a large extent during the last ten years. And the corporal was right in his surmise: Bill Miner *was* Smooth Bill—the man who had given Inspector Dance so much trouble at Le Pas the preceding Spring.

In this young and rising colony there is plenty of work to be had and anyone willing to set-to and live somewhat frugally has no cause to be in dread of want, not even for a single day; but there is unfortunately to be found in this, as in all colonies and in all parts of the world, when we come to think of it, a number of men whose inclinations are against acquiescing in the curse of Adam.

To this class of men, men of great resource and daring, the opening up of the Far North by a railroad was an event of prodigous importance, as it opened up at the same time for them a field rich with possiblities for a golden harvest. Under ordinary circumstances the various camps of men of many different nationalities engaged along the right-of-way afford untold opportunities to dispose of quantities of vile liquor at fabulous prices; for the law strictly prohibits the sale of intoxicants or even the presence of the same, within a certain number of miles of all lines under construction; but in this instance liquor had been made still harder to come by. A wise, or unwise, as you please, Dominion government had decided that in the North West Territories no man should slack his thirst with anything stronger than harmless unfermented wine, and acting on this had legislated the whole country dry. The upshot of this had been the placing of detachments of the R.N.W.M. Police on the boundaries to guard against the proscribed stuff being brought over. But always there are men to be found willing and ready to take any risk for gain, and so, as there were plenty of men who wanted whiskey and wanting it badly, were willing to pay any price for it, liquor did find its way into that section of the country, the edicts of the solemn legislators at Ottawa and the vigilance and activities of the mounties notwithstanding. And what was more it appeared rather frequently and in considerable quantities, too, as the police had occasion enough and in plenty to be painfully aware.

Miner, who happened to be idle at the time and waiting for the gods to provide something easy, lost no minutes in appearing at Le Pas. It was an opportunity of a lifetime. Soon he became a frequenter of the first hundred miles of right-of-way: ostensibly a prospector, or trapper, locating a country for the next season's work, or anything else that came to his mind, which was all one and the same thing and deceived nobody. Many of the men were his customers, actual or prospective, and those that were not were willing to turn the blind eye to his proceedings. A few, indeed, there were who felt like having the fellow arrested, but Miner had not obtained the nickname of "Smooth" Bill for nothing and these were cajoled into a different frame of mind. "It was none of their funeral; the mounties would soon discover the law-breaker and haul him off to gaol." Which was prophectic. The mounties had. And all too quickly for our friend William. After a short and adventurous career his lawless proclivities, at least in that direction, had been ruthlessly cut short—as we have learned already from the words of Corporal Watson.

After his arrest Miner remained quiet for some time. Then a bright idea flashed upon his mind and he acted upon it with extreme promptitude. He got together an apparatus for distilling in a small way and appeared at York Factory, as we have seen. How he evaded the surveillance of the police at the other end of the steel, where he was known, it boots us not to enquire. Sufficient to say he reached York Factory without detection and there started work. The result exceeded his fondest dreams. No inquisitive police were in the neighborhood to hamper his proceedings; in fact none were stationed within several hundred miles of the place, while customers were in plenty, and thirsty souls at that. One of the potencies of whisky is the breeding of thirst. The "boys" got the thirst and paid his excessive charges ungrudgingly. True, there was, as a burr in his blanket, the parson, an extraordinarily vigilant fellow, whose untiring perseverance and determination in hunting the man responsible for his Indians getting liquor caused Miner a great deal of uneasiness, and he would have given almost anything, gone to any lengths, to have got rid of him. But the clergyman was altogether wrong in supposing that liquor was being peddled among the Indians. Miner did not sell to them; he was too wise for that; nor did anyone do so to his knowledge. Occasionally a drink, and sometimes a bottle, of whisky had been given to the natives by somebody, and under the stimulous of the unwonted liquor they had committed acts which on coming to their pastor's ears brought them disgrace. But Miner had never been guilty of this offence. He regretted these transgressions against the Indian Act as much as did the parson, though from entirely different reasons.

It has now been shown pretty plainly, I imagine, that Miner was doing a "land office business," as the saying goes. It was true that sometimes for days he did not sell one dollar's worth; but in the next trip along the right-of-way he was richly compensated for such a season of inactivity. A few more months and his gains would easily enable him to acquire

a proposition he had in mind, and which, properly handled, would place him in an independent position.

But Fortune is a strange divinity, and can never be depended upon, and served the plausible William a sad trick by sending a patrol of the R.N.W.M. Police in his direction just as his plans were nearing consummation. Miner knew the police and their ways of working, as, indeed, he had good reason. With them in the neighborhood not an ounce of liquor must pass out of his custody. For the time being his shutters were up, as it were.

Suddenly the man sprang up as if impelled by the very force of his thoughts.

"Plague and Pestilence!" he muttered in an angry tone, as be began pacing up and down the cabin. "Why the blazes must the police come just now? They seem to be here for a stay of some length and I am afraid that it is my business which is the cause of it. At any rate it is a bad sign that they have made a camp for themselves instead of staying at the Company's place. The parson will, of course, be urging them to discover the man responsible for his Indians getting liquor. Curse him! How I wish I could get him out of here! I must be careful; one cannot trust one's own brother."

As if acting on this, he reached down a mackinaw coat and a cloth cap with earlaps, and when these articles were on his person, took an axe and a spade from a corner of the cabin, opened the door cautiously, peered out, then went out himself and softly closed the door behind him.

After perhaps half an hour he returned empty handed and greatly heated; reached under his bunk, dragged out an apparatus of some sort concealed in a sack, lifted it in his arms and once more left the cabin.

This time his absence was of shorter duration. He quickly returned, bringing the spade and axe with him. These he placed back from whence he got them. Then he seated himself once more and this time it was with a smile as of high satisfaction.

But if the disposer of the strange apparatus thought that he had made himself in any way secure from the police by his late operations he was greatly mistaken; for his work with the axe and spade had been closely watched by Corporal Watson, who having set out to find all there was to know of the mysterious stranger, whom he had tabbed "suspicious" from the first, had taken advantage of the small hours of the morning to come and look over the ground.

Luck was with him. Hardly had he taken up his position when his suspect came out of the cabin bearing the axe and spade. Instantly from the corporal's eyes there shot a look of triumph. "It *is* Smooth Bill, unless I am badly fooled. Here's where I get my other stripe," he told himself. He was so tickled that he wanted to throw up his hat and let out a whoop that could be heard for miles.

(To be continued)

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